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TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA: 11

OR,

Truth found too late.

A

TRAGEDY.

By Mr. ^K DRYDEN.

To which is Prefix'd, A PREFACE Contain-
ing the Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy.

*Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus.* Hor.



• L O N D O N :

Printed for J. TONSON in the Strand.

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PROCTER AND KENNEDY

TRUTH FOUND TOO LATE

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To the Right Honourable

R O B E R T,

Earl of S U N D E R L A N D.

*Principal Secretary of State, One of
His Majesty's most Honourable Privy-
Council, &c.*

My LORD,

SINCE I cannot promise you much Poetry in my Play, 'tis but reasonable that I shou'd secure you from any Part of it in my Dedication. And indeed I cannot better distinguish the Exactness of your Taste from that of other Men, than by the Plainness and Sincerity of my Address. I must keep my Hyberboles in Reserve for Men of other Understandings: An hungry Appetite after Praise, and a strong Digestion of it, will bear the Grossness of that Diet: But one of so critical a Judgment as your Lordship, who can set the Bounds

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of

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of Just and Proper in every Subject, would give me small Encouragement for so bold an Undertaking. I more than suspect, my Lord, that you wou'd not do common Justice to your self: And therefore, were I to give that Character of you, which I think you truly merit, I wou'd make my Appeal from your Lordship to the Reader, and wou'd justify my self from Flattery by the publick Voice, whatever Protestation you might enter to the contrary. But I find I am to take other Measures with your Lordship; I am to stand upon my Guard with you, and to approach you as warily as *Horace* did *Augustus*;

Cui malè si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

An ill-tim'd, or an extravagant Commendation, wou'd not pass upon you: But you wou'd keep off such a Dedicator at Arms-end; and send him back with his *Encomiums*, to this Lord, or that Lady, who stood in Need of such trifling Merchandise. You see, my Lord, what an Awe you have upon me, when I dare not offer you that Incense, which wou'd be acceptable to other Patrons: But am forc'd to curb my self, from ascribing to you those Honours, which even an Enemy cou'd not deny you. Yet I must confess I never practis'd that Virtue of Moderation (which is properly your Character) with so much Reluctancy as now. For it hinders me from being true to my own Knowledge, in not witnessing your Worth; and deprives me of the only Means which I had left, to shew the World that true Honour and uninterested Respect which I have always payed you. I would say somewhat, if it were possible, which might distinguish that Veneration I have for you, from the Flatteries of those who adore your Fortune. But the Eminence of your Condition

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in this Particular is my Unhappiness: For it renders whatever I would say suspected. Professions of Service, Submissions, and Attendance, are the Practice of all Men to the Great: And commonly they who have the least Sincerity, perform them best; as they who are least engag'd in Love, have their Tongues the freest to counterfeit a Passion. For my own Part, I never cou'd shake off the rustick Bashfulness which hangs upon my Nature; but valuing my self at as little as I am worth, have been afraid to render even the common Duties of Respect to those who are in Power. The Ceremonious Visits which are generally payed on such Occasions, are not my Talent. They may be real even in Courtiers, but they appear with such a Face of Interest, that a modest Man wou'd think himself in Danger of having his Sincerity mistaken for his Design. My Congratulations keep their Distance, and pass no farther than my Heart. There it is that I have all the Joy imaginable, when I see true Worth rewarded, and Virtue uppermost in the World.

If therefore there were one to whom I had the Honour to be known; and to know him so perfectly, that I could say, without Flattery, he had all the Depth of Understanding that was requisite in any able Statesman, and all that Honesty which commonly is wanting; that he was brave without Vanity, and knowing without Positiveness: That he was loyal to his Prince, and a Lover of his Country; that his Principles were full of Moderation, and all his Counsels such as tended to heal, and not to widen the Breaches of the Nation: That in all his Conversation there appear'd a native Candour, and a Desire of doing Good in all his Actions; if such an one whom I have

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describ'd, were at the Helm, if he had risen by his Merits, and were chosen out in the Necessity and Pressures of Affairs, to remedy our Confusions by the Seasonableness of his Advice, and to put a Stop to our Ruin, when we were just rowling downward to the Precipice; I shou'd then congratulate the Age in which I live, for the common Safety; I should not despair of the Republick, though *Hannibal* were at the Gates; I should send up my Vows for the Success of such an Action, as *Virgil* did on the like Occasion for his Patron, when he was raising up his Country from the Desolations of a Civil War.

*Hunc saltem everso juvenem succurrere seculo
Ne superi prohibeant.*

I know not whither I am running, in this Ecstasy which is now upon me: I am almost ready to reassume the ancient Rights of Poetry; to point out, and prophesy the Man, who was born for no less an Undertaking, and whom Posterity shall bless for its Accomplishment. Methinks I am already taking Fire from such a Character, and making Room for him, under a borrow'd Name, amongst the Heroes of an *Epic* Poem. Neither could mine, or some more happy Genius, want Encouragement under such a Patron.

Pollio amat nostram, quamvis sit rustica, Musam.

But these are Considerations afar off, my Lord: the former part of the Prophecy must be first accomplished: the Quiet of the Nation must be secur'd: and a mutual Trust, betwixt Prince and People, be renew'd: and then this great and good
Man

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Man will have leisure for the Ornaments of Peace: and make our Language as much indebted to his Care, as the *French* is to the Memory of their famous *Richelieu*. You know, My Lord, how low he lay'd the Foundations of so great a Work: That he began it with a *Grammar* and a *Dictionary*; without which all those Remarks and Observations, which have since been made, had been perform'd to as little Purpose, as it wou'd be to consider the Furniture of the Rooms, before the Contrivance of the House. Propriety must first be stated, ere any Measures of Elegance can be taken. Neither is one *Vaugelas* sufficient for such a Work. 'Twas the Employment of the whole Academy for many Years; for the perfect Knowledge of a Tongue was never attain'd by any single Person. The Court, the College, and the Town, must be join'd in it. And as our *English* is a Composition of the dead and living Tongues, there is requir'd a perfect Knowledge, not only of the *Greek* and *Latin*, but of the Old *German*, *French*, and the *Italian*: and to help all these, a Conversation with those Authors of our own, who have written with the fewest Faults in Prose and Verse. But how barbarously we yet write and speak, your Lordship knows, and I am sufficiently sensible in my own *English*. For I am often put to a stand, in considering whether what I write be the Idiom of the Tongue, or false *Grammar*, and Nonsense couch'd beneath that specious Name of *Anglicism*. And have no other way to clear my Doubts, but by translating my *English* into *Latin*, and thereby trying what Sense the Words will bear in a more stable Language. I am desirous, if it were possible, that we might all write with the same Certainty of Words, and Purity of Phrase, to which the *Italians* first arriv'd, and after them the *French*: At least that we might advance so far, as our Tongue is capable

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pable of such a Standard. It wou'd mortify an *English* Man to consider, that from the time of *Boccace* and of *Petrarch*, the *Italian* has varied very little: And that the *English* of *Chaucer* their Contemporary, is not to be understood without the help of an Old *Dictionary*. But their *Goth* and *Vandal* had the Fortune to be grafted on a *Roman* Stock: Ours has the Disadvantage, to be founded on the *Dutch*. We are full of Monosyllables, and those clogg'd with Consonants, and our Pronunciation is effeminate: All which are Enemies to a sounding Language. 'Tis true that to supply our Poverty, we have traffick'd with out Neighbour Nations; by which means we abound as much in Words, as *Amsterdam* does in Religions; but to order them, and make them useful after their Admission, is the Difficulty. A greater Progress has been made in this, since his Majesty's Return, than perhaps since the Conquest to his Time. But the better part of the Work remains unfinish'd; And that which has been done already, since it has only been in the Practice of some few Writers, must be digested into Rules and Method, before it can be profitable to the General. Will your Lordship give me leave to speak out at last? and to acquaint the World, that from your Encouragement and Patronage, we may one Day expect to speak and write a Language, worthy of the *English* Wit, and which Foreigners may not disdain to learn? Your Birth, your Education, your natural Endowments, the former Employments which you have had abroad, and that which to the Joy of good Men you now exercise at Home, seem all to conspire to this Design: the Genius of the Nation seems to call you out as it were by Name, to polish and adorn your Native Language, and to take from it the Reproach of its Barbarity. 'Tis upon this Encouragement that I have adventur'd on the following Critique,

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Critique, which I humbly present you together with the Play: In which, though I have not had the Leisure, nor indeed the Encouragement to proceed to the principal Subject of it, which is the Words and Thoughts that are suitable to Tragedy; yet the whole Discourse has a Tendency that way, and is preliminary to it. In what I have already done, I doubt not but I have contradicted some of my former Opinions, in my loose Essays of the like Nature: but of this, I dare affirm, that it is the Fault of my riper Age and Experience, and that Self-love, or Envy have no part in it. The Application to *English* Authors is my own, and therein perhaps I may have err'd unknowingly: But the Foundation of the Rules is Reason, and the Authority of those living Criticks who have had the Honour to be known to you Abroad, as well as of the Ancients, who are not less of your Acquaintance. Whatsoever it be, I submit it to your Lordship's Judgment, from which I never will appeal, unless it be to your good Nature, and your Candour. If you can allow an Hour of Leisure to the Perusal of it, I shall be fortunate that I could so long Entertain you; if not, I shall at least have the Satisfaction to know, that your Time was more usefully employ'd upon the Publick. I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obedient,

humble Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.



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HE Poet *Æschylus* was held in the same Veneration by the *Athenians* of After-Ages, as *Shakespear* is by us; and *Longinus* has judg'd, in favour of him, that he had a noble Boldness of Expression, and that his Imaginations were lofty and Heroick: but on the other side *Quintilian* affirms, that he was daring to Extravagance. 'Tis certain, that he affected pompous Words, and that his Sense was obscur'd by Figures: Notwithstanding these Imperfections, the Value of his Writings after his Decease was such, that his Countrymen ordain'd an equal Reward to those Poets, who could alter his Plays to be Acted on the Theatre, with those whose Productions were wholly New, and of their own. The Case is not the same in *England*; though the Difficulties of altering are greater, and our Reverence for *Shakespear* much more just, than that of the *Grecians* for *Æschylus*. In the Age of that Poet, the *Greek* Tongue was arriv'd to its full Perfection; they had then amongst them an exact Standard of Writing, and of Speaking: The *English* Language is not capable of such a Certainty; and we are at present so far from it, that we are wanting in the very Foundation of it, a perfect Grammar. Yet it must be allowed to the present Age, that the Tongue in general is so much refin'd since *Shakespear's* time, that many of his Words, and more of his Phrases, are scarce intelligible. And of those which we understand, some are ungrammatical,

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cal, others coarse; and his whole Style is so pepper'd with Figurative Expressions, that it is as affected as it is obscure. 'Tis true, that in his latter Plays, he had worn off somewhat of the Rust; but the Tragedy which I have undertaken to correct, was in all probability, one of his first Endeavours on the Stage.

The Original Story was written by one *Lollius a Lombard*, in Latin Verse, and Translated by *Chaucer* into English; intended I suppose a Satyr on the Inconstancy of Women: I find nothing of it among the Ancients; not so much as the Name *Cressida* once mentioned. *Shakespeare* (as I hinted) in the Apprenticeship of his Writing, modell'd it into that Play, which is now call'd by the Name of *Troilus and Cressida*, but so lamely is it left to us, that it is not divided into Acts: which Fault I ascribe to the Actors, who Printed it after *Shakespeare's* Death; and that too, so carelessly, that a more uncorrected Copy I never saw. For the Play it self, the Author seems to have begun it with some Fire; the Characters of *Pandarus* and *Thersites*, are promising enough; but as if he grew weary of his Task, after an Entrance or two, he lets them fall: and the latter part of the Tragedy is nothing but a Confusion of Drums and Trumpets, Excursions and Alarms. The chief Persons, who give Name to the Tragedy, are left alive: *Cressida* is false, and is not punish'd. Yet after all, because the Play was *Shakespeare's*, and that there appear'd in some Places of it, the admirable Genius of the Author; I undertook to remove that Heap of Rubbish, under which many excellent Thoughts lay wholly bury'd. Accordingly, I new modell'd the Plot; threw out many unnecessary Persons; improv'd those Characters which were begun, and left unfinished: as *Hector*, *Troilus*, *Pandarus* and *Thersites*: and added that of *Andromache*. After this, I made with no small trouble, an Order and Connexion of all the Scenes; removing them from the Places where they were inartificially set: and though it was impossible to keep them all unbroken, because the Scene must be sometimes in the City, and sometimes in the Camp, yet I have so order'd them, that there is a Coherence of them with one other, and a Dependence

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pendence on the main Design: no leaping from *Troy* to the *Grecian* Tents, and thence back again, in the same Act; but a due Proportion of Time allow'd for every Motion. I need not say that I have refin'd his Language, which before was obsolete; but I am willing to acknowledge, that as I have often drawn his *English* nearer to our Times, so I have sometimes conform'd my own to his: and consequently, the Language is not altogether so pure, as it is significant. The Scenes of *Pandarus* and *Cressida*, of *Troilus* and *Pandarus*, of *Andromache* with *Hector* and the *Trojans*, in the second Act, are wholly *New*: together with that of *Nestor* and *Ulysses* with *Thersites*; and that of *Thersites* with *Ajax* and *Achilles*. I will not weary my Reader with the Scenes which are added of *Pandarus* and the Lovers, in the Third; and those of *Thersites*; which are wholly alter'd: but I cannot omit the last Scene in it, which is almost half the Act, betwixt *Troilus* and *Hector*. The Occasion of raising it was hinted to me by Mr. *Betterton*: the Contrivance and Working of it was my own. They who think to do me an Injury, by saying that it is an Imitation of the Scene betwixt *Brutus* and *Cassius*, do me an Honour, by supposing I could imitate the incomparable *Shakespeare*: but let me add, that if *Shakespeare's* Scene, or that faulty Copy of it in *Amintor* and *Melentius* had never been, yet *Euripides* had furnish'd me with an excellent Example in his *Iphigenia*, between *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*: and from thence indeed, the last Turn of it is borrow'd. The Occasion which *Shakespeare*, *Euripides*, and *Fletcher*, have all taken, is the same; grounded upon Friendship, and the Quarrel of two virtuous Men; rais'd by natural Degrees, to the Extremity of Passion; is conducted in all three, to the Declination of the same Passion; and concludes with a warm Renewing of their Friendship: But the particular Ground-work which *Shakespeare* has taken, is incomparably the best: Because he has not only chosen two the greatest Heroes of their Age; but has likewise interested the Liberty of *Rome*, and their own Honours, who were the Redeemers of it, in this Debate. And if he has made *Brutus*, who was naturally a patient Man, to fly
into

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into Excess at first, let it be remembred in his Defence, that just before, he has receiv'd the News of *Portia's* Death : whom the Poet, on purpose neglecting a little Chronology, supposes to have dy'd before *Brutus*, only to give him an Occasion of being more easily exasperated. Add to this, that the Injury he had receiv'd from *Cassius*, had long been brooding in his Mind ; and that a Melancholy Man, upon Consideration of an Affront, especially from a Friend, would be more eager in his Passion, than he who had given it, though naturally more Cholerick. *Euripides*, whom I have follow'd, has rais'd the Quarrel betwixt two Brothers who were Friends. The Foundation of the Scene was this : The *Grecians* were wind-bound at the Port of *Aulis*, and the Oracle had said, that they could not Sail, unless *Agamemnon* deliver'd up his Daughter to be Sacrific'd : he refuses ; his Brother *Menelaus* urges the publick Safety ; the Father defends himself, by Arguments of natural Affection, and hereupon they quarrel. *Agamemnon* is at last convinc'd, and promises to deliver up *Iphigenia*, but so passionately laments his Loss, that *Menelaus* is griev'd to have been the Occasion of it, and by a Return of Kindness, offers to intercede for him with the *Grecians*, that his Daughter might not be sacrificed. But my Friend Mr. *Rymer* has so largely, and with so much Judgment describ'd this Scene, in comparing it with that of *Melantius* and *A-mintor*, that it is superfluous to say more of it ; I only nam'd the Heads of it, that any reasonable Man might judge it was from thence I modell'd my Scene betwixt *Troilus* and *Hector*. I will conclude my Reflections on it, with a Passage of *Longinus*, concerning *Plato's* Imitation of *Homer* : ' We ought not to regard a good Imitation as a Theft ; but as a Beautiful Idea of him who undertakes to imitate, by forming himself on the Imitation and the Work of another Man ; for he enters into the Lists like a new Wrestler, to dispute the Prize with the former Champion. This sort of Emulation, says *Hesiod*, is honourable, Ἀγαθὴ δ' ἐστὶν ὅτε Βεβ- τοισιν — when we combat for Victory with a Heroe, and are not without Glory even in our Overthrow.

Those

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Those great Men whom we propose to our selves as Patterns of our Imitation, serve us as a Torch, which is lifted up before us, to enlighten our Passage; and often elevate our Thoughts, as high, as the Conception we have of our Author's Genius.

I have been so tedious in three Acts, that I shall contract my self in the two last. The beginning Scenes of the Fourth Act are either added, or chang'd wholly by me; the middle of it is *Shakespear* alter'd, and mingled with my own, three or four of the last Scenes are altogether new. And the whole Fifth Act, both the Plot and the Writing, are my own Additions.

But having written so much for Imitation of what is excellent, in that Part of the *Preface* which related only to my self; methinks it would neither be unprofitable nor unpleasant to enquire how far we ought to imitate our own Poets, *Shakespear* and *Fletcher*, in their Tragedies: And this will occasion another Enquiry, how those two Writers differ between themselves: But since neither of these Questions can be solv'd, unless some Measures be first taken, by which we may be enabled to judge truly of their Writings: I shall endeavour, as briefly as I can, to discover the Grounds and Reason of all Criticism, applying them in this Place only to Tragedy. *Aristotle* with his Interpreters, and *Horace*, and *Longinus*, are the Authors to whom I owe my Lights; and what Part soever of my own Plays, or of this, which no Mending could make regular, shall fall under the Condemnation of such Judges, it would be Impudence in me to defend. I think it no Shame to retract my Errors, and am well pleas'd to suffer in the Cause, if the Art may be improv'd at my Expencc: I therefore proceed to

The Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy.

Tragedy is thus defin'd by *Aristotle*, (omitting what I thought unnecessary in his Definition) 'Tis an Imitation of one intire, great, and probable Action; not told but represented; which by moving in us Fear and Pity, is conducive to the purging of these two Passions in our Minds.

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Minds. More largely thus ; Tragedy describes or paints an Action, which Action must have all the Proprieties above-nam'd. First, it must be one or single, that is, it must not be a History of one Man's Life : Suppose of *Alexander the Great*, or *Julius Cæsar*, but one single Action of theirs. This condemns all *Shakeſpear's* Historical Plays, which are rather Chronicles represented, than Tragedies ; and all double Action of Plays. As, to avoid a Satyr upon others, I will make bold with my own *Marriage A-la-mode*, where there are manifestly two Actions, not depending on one another : But in *OEdipus* there cannot properly be said to be two Actions, because the Love of *Adrastus* and *Eurydice* has a necessary Dependance on the principal Design, into which it is woven. The natural Reason of this Rule is plain ; for two different independant Actions, distract the Attention and Concernment of the Audience, and consequently destroy the Intention of the Poet : If his Business be to move Terror and Pity, and one of his Actions be Comical, the other Tragical, the former will divert the People, and utterly make void his greater Purpose. Therefore as in Perspective, so in Tragedy, there must be a Point of Sight in which all the Lines terminate : Otherwise the Eye wanders, and the Work is false. This was the Practice of the *Grecian* Stage. But *Terence* made an Innovation in the *Roman* : All his Plays have double Actions ; for it was his Custom to Translate two *Greek* Comedies, and to weave them into one of his, yet so, that both their Actions were Comical ; and one was principal, the other but secondary or subservient. And this has obtain'd on the *English* Stage, to give us the Pleasure of Variety.

As the Action ought to be one, it ought, as such, to have Order in it, that is, to have a natural Beginning, a Middle, and an End : A natural Beginning, says *Aristotle*, is that which could not necessarily have been plac'd after another thing, and so of the rest. This Consideration will arraign all Plays after the new Model of *Spanish* Plots, where Accident is heap'd upon Accident, and that which is first might as reasonably be last : An Inconvenience not to be remedied, but by making one Accident naturally

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rally produce another, otherwise 'tis a Farce, and not a Play. Of this Nature is the *Slighted Maid*; where there is no Scene in the first Act, which might not by as good Reason be in the fifth. And if the Action ought to be one, the Tragedy ought likewise to conclude with the Action of it. Thus in *Mustapha*, the Play should naturally have ended with the Death of *Zanger*, and not have given us the Grace-Cup after Dinner, of *Solyman's* Divorce from *Roxolana*.

The following Properties of the Action are so easy, that they need not my Explaining. It ought to be great, and to consist of great Persons, to distinguish it from Comedy; where the Action is trivial, and the Persons of inferior Rank. The last Quality of the Action is, that it ought to be probable, as well as admirable and great. 'Tis not necessary that there should be Historical Truth in it; but always necessary that there should be a Likeness of Truth, something that is more than barely possible, Probable being that which succeeds or happens oftner than it misses. To invent therefore a Probability, and to make it wonderful, is the most difficult Undertaking in the Art of Poetry: For that which is not wonderful, is not great, and that which is not probable, will not delight a reasonable Audience. This Action thus describ'd, must be represented and not told, to distinguish Dramatick Poetry from Epick: But I hasten to the End, or Scope of Tragedy; which is to rectify or purge our Passions, Fear and Pity.

To instruct delightfully is the general End of all Poetry: Philosophy instructs, but it performs its Work by Precept; which is not delightful, or not so delightful as Example. To purge the Passions by Example, is therefore the particular Instruction which belongs to Tragedy. *Rapin*, a judicious Critick, has observ'd from *Aristotle*, that Pride and want of Commiseration are the most predominant Vices in Mankind: Therefore to cure us of these two, the Inventors of Tragedy have chosen to work upon two other Passions, which are Fear and Pity. We are wrought to fear, by their setting before our Eyes some terrible Example of Misfortune, which happened to Per-

sons

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sons of the highest Quality ; for such an Action demonstrates to us, that no Condition is privileged from the Turns of Fortune : This must of Necessity cause Terror in us, and consequently abate our Pride. But when we see that the most Virtuous, as well as the Greatest, are not exempt from such Misfortunes, that Consideration moves Pity in us : And insensibly works us to be helpful to, and tender over the Distress'd, which is the noblest, and most God-like of moral Virtues. Here 'tis observable, that it is absolutely necessary to make a Man virtuous, if we desire he should be pity'd : We lament not, but detest a wicked Man, we are glad when we behold his Crimes are punish'd, and that Poetical Justice is done upon him. *Euripides* was censur'd by the Criticks of his Time, for making his chief Characters too wicked : for Example, *Phædra* though she lov'd her Son-in-Law with Reluctancy, and that it was a Curse upon her Family for offending *Venus* ; yet was thought too ill a Pattern for the Stage. Shall we therefore banish all Characters of Villainy ? I confess I am not of that Opinion ; but it is necessary that the Heroe of the Play be not a Villain : that is, the Characters which should move our Pity ought to have virtuous Inclinations, and Degrees of moral Goodness in them. As for a perfect Character of Virtue, it never was in Nature ; and therefore there can be no Imitation of it : But there are Allays of Frailty to be allow'd for the chief Persons, yet so that the Good which is in them, shall outweigh the Bad ; and consequently leave Room for Punishment on the one Side, and Pity on the other.

After all, if any one will ask me, whether a Tragedy cannot be made upon any other Grounds, than those of exciting Pity and Terror in us ? *Bossu*, the best of modern Criticks, answers thus in general : That all excellent Arts, and particularly that of Poetry, have been invented and brought to Perfection by Men of a transcendent Genius ; and that therefore they who practise afterwards the same Arts, are oblig'd to tread in their Footsteps, and to search in their Writings the Foundation of them : For it is not just that new Rules should destroy the Authority of the old.

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old. Bat *Rapin* writes more particularly thus: That no Passions in a Story are so proper to move our Concernment, as Fear and Pity: and that it is from our Concernment we receive our Pleasure, is undoubted; when the Soul becomes agitated with Fear for one Character, or Hope for another; then it is that we are pleas'd in Tragedy, by the Interest which we take in their Adventures.

Here therefore the general Answer may be given to the first Question, how far we ought to imitate *Shakespeare* and *Fletcher* in their Plots; namely that we ought to follow them so far only, as they have Copy'd the Excellencies of those who invented and brought to Perfection Dramatick Poetry: Those Things only excepted, which Religion, Custom of Countries, Idioms of Languages, &c. have alter'd in the Superstructures,, but not in the Foundation of the Design.

How defective *Shakespeare* and *Fletcher* have been in all their Plots, Mr. *Rymer* has discover'd in his *Criticisms*: Neither can we, who follow them, be excus'd from the same or greater Errors; which are the more unpardonable in us, because we want their Beauties to countervail our Faults. The best of their Designs, the most approaching to Antiquity, and the most conducing to move Pity, is the *King and no King*; which, if the Farce of *Befus* were thrown away, is of that inferior Sort of Tragedies, which end with a prosperous Event. 'Tis probably deriv'd from the Story of *OEdipus*, with the Character of *Alexander the Great*, in his Extravagancies, given to *Arbaces*. The Taking of this Play, amongst many others, I cannot wholly ascribe to the Excellency of the Action; for I find it moving when it is read: 'Tis true, the Faults of the Plot are so evidently prov'd, that they can no longer be deny'd. The Beauties of it must therefore lie either in the lively Touches of the Passion; or we must conclude, as I think we may, that even in imperfect Plots, there are less Degrees of Nature, by which some faint Emotions of Pity and Terror are rais'd in us. As a less Engine will raise a less Proportion of Weight, though not so much as one of *Archimedes's* making; for nothing

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nothing can move our Nature, but by some natural Reason, which works upon Passions. And since we acknowledge the Effect, there must be something in the Cause.

The Difference between *Shakespear* and *Fletcher* in their Plotting seems to be this; that *Shakespear* generally moves more Terror, and *Fletcher* more Compassion: For the first had a more Masculine, a bolder and more fiery Genius; the second a more soft and Womanish. In the mechanick Beauties of the Plot, which are the Observation of the three Unities, Time, Place, and Action, they are both deficient; but *Shakespear* most. *Ben Johnson* reform'd those Errors in his Comedies, yet one of *Shakespear's* was Regular before him: which is, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. For what remains concerning the Design, you are to be referr'd to our *English* Critick. That Method which he has prescrib'd to raise it from Mistake, or Ignorance of the Crime, is certainly the best, though 'tis not the only: For amongst all the Tragedies of *Sophocles*, there is but one, *OEdipus*, which is wholly built after that Model.

After the Plot, which is the Foundation of the Play, the next thing to which we ought to apply our Judgment, is the Manners; for now the Poet comes to work above Ground: The Ground-work indeed is that which is most necessary, as that upon which depends the Firmness of the whole Fabrick; yet it strikes not the Eye so much, as the Beauties or Imperfections of the Manners, the Thoughts, and the Expressions.

The first Rule which *Bossu* prescribes to the Writer of an Heroick Poem, and which holds too by the same Reason in all Dramatick Poetry, is to make the Moral of the Work; that is, to lay down to your self what that Precept of Morality shall be, which you would insinuate into the People: As namely *Homer's* (which I have Copy'd in my *Conquest of Granada*) was, that Union preserves a Common-wealth, and Discord destroys it. *Sophocles*, in his *OEdipus*, that no Man is to be accounted happy before his Death. 'Tis the Moral that directs the whole Action of the Play to one Center; and that Action or Fable, is the Example built upon the Moral, which
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confirms the Truth of it to our Experience: When the Fable is design'd then, and not before, the Persons are to be introduc'd with their Manners, Characters, and Passions.

The Manners in a Poem, are understood to be those Inclinations, whether natural or acquir'd, which move and carry us to Actions, good, bad, or indifferent in a Play; or which incline the Persons to such, or such Actions. I have anticipated Part of this Discourse already, in declaring that a Poet ought not to make the Manners perfectly good in his best Persons, but neither are they to be more wicked in any of his Characters, than Necessity requires. To produce a Villain, without other Reason than a natural Inclination to Villainy, is in Poetry to produce an Effect without a Cause: And to make him more a Villain than he has just Reason to be, is to make an Effect which is stronger than the Cause.

The Manners arise from many Causes: And are either distinguish'd by Complexion, as cholerick and phlegmatick, or by the Differences of Age or Sex, of Climates, or Quality of the Persons, or their present Condition: They are likewise to be gather'd from the several Virtues, Vices, or Passions, and many other Common-places which a Poet must be suppos'd to have learn'd from natural Philosophy, Ethicks, and History; of all which whosoever is ignorant, does not deserve the Name of Poet.

But as the Manners are useful in this Art, they may be all compris'd under these general Heads: First, they must be apparent, that is, in every Character of the Play, some Inclinations of the Person must appear. And these are shown in the Actions and Discourse. Secondly, the Manners must be suitable or agreeing to the Persons; that is, to the Age, Sex, Dignity, and the other general Heads of Manners: Thus when a Poet has given the Dignity of a King to one of his Persons, in all his Actions and Speeches, that Person must discover Majesty, Magnanimity, and Jealousy of Power, because these are suitable to the general Manners of a King. The third Property of Manners is Resemblance: and this is founded upon the

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the particular Characters of Men, as we have them deliver'd to us by Relation or History : That is, when a Poet has the known Character of this or that Man before him, he is bound to represent him such, at least not contrary to that which Fame has reported him to have been : Thus it is not a Poet's Choice to make *Ulysses* cholerick, or *Achilles* patient, because *Homer* has describ'd 'em quite otherwise. Yet this is a Rock, on which ignorant Writers daily split : And the Absurdity is as monstrous, as if a Painter should draw a Coward running from a Battel, and tell us it was the Picture of *Alexander the Great*.

The last Property of Manners is, that they be constant, and equal, that is, maintained the same through the whole Design : Thus when *Virgil* had once given the Name of *Pious* to *Aeneas*, he was bound to show him such, in all his Words and Actions through the whole Poem. All these Properties *Horace* has hinted to a judicious Observer. 1. *Notandi sunt tibi mores.* 2. *Aut famam sequere,* 3. *Aut sibi convenientia finge.* 4. *Servetur ad imum, qualis ab incepto processerat, & sibi constet.*

From the Manners, the Characters of Persons are deriv'd, for indeed the Characters are no other than the Inclinations, as they appear in the several Persons of the Poem. A Character being thus defin'd, That which distinguishes one Man from another. Not to repeat the same things over again which have been said of the Manners, I will only add what is necessary here. A Character, or that which distinguishes one Man from all others, cannot be suppos'd to consist of one particular Virtue, or Vice, or Passion only ; but 'tis a Composition of Qualities which are not contrary to one another in the same Person : Thus the same Man may be liberal and valiant, but not liberal and covetous ; so in a Comical Character, or Humour, (which is an Inclination to this, or that particular Folly) *Falstaff* is a Lyar, and a Coward, a Glutton, and a Buffoon, because all these Qualities may agree in the same Man ; yet it is still to be observ'd, that one Virtue, Vice, and Passion, ought to be shown in every Man, as predominant over all the rest : As Co-

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vetousness in *Crassus*, Love of his Country in *Brutus*; and the same in Characters which are feign'd.

The chief Character or Heroe in a Tragedy, as I have already shown, ought in Prudence to be such a Man, who has so much more in him of Virtue than of Vice, that he may be left amiable to the Audience, which otherwise cannot have any Concernment for his Sufferings: And 'tis on this one Character that the Pity and Terror must be principally, if not wholly, founded. A Rule which is extremely necessary, and which none of the Criticks that I know, have fully enough discover'd to us. For Terror and Compassion work but weakly, when they are divided into many Persons. If *Creon* had been the chief Character in *OEdipus*, there had neither been Terror nor Compassion mov'd; but only Detestation of the Man, and Joy for his Punishment; if *Adrastus* and *Eurydice* had been made more appearing Characters, then the Pity had been divided, and lessen'd on the Part of *OEdipus*. But making *OEdipus* the best and bravest Person, and even *Jocasta* but an Underpart to him; his Virtues, and the Punishment of his fatal Crime, drew both the Pity, and the Terror to himself.

By what has been said of the Manners, it will be easy for a reasonable Man to judge, whether the Characters be truly or falsely drawn in a Tragedy; for if there be no Manners appearing in the Characters, no Concernment for the Persons can be rais'd: No Pity or Horror can be mov'd, but by Vice or Virtue, therefore without them, no Person can have any Business in the Play. If the Inclinations be obscure, 'tis a Sign the Poet is in the dark, and knows not what manner of Man he presents to you; and consequently you can have no Idea, or very imperfect, of that Man: Nor can judge what Resolutions he ought to take; or what Words or Actions are proper for him. Most Comedies made up of Accidents, or Adventures, are liable to fall into this Error: And Tragedies with many Turns are subject to it: For the Manners never can be evident, where the Surprises of Fortune take up all the Business of the Stage; and where the Poet is more in Pain, to tell you what happened to such

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such a Man, than what he was. 'Tis one of the Excellencies of *Shakespear*, that the Manners of his Persons are generally apparent; and you see their Bent and Inclinations. *Fletcher* comes far short of him in this, as indeed he does almost in every thing: There are but Glimmerings of Manners in most of his Comedies, which run upon Adventures: And in his Tragedies, *Rollo*, *Otto*, the *King and no King*, *Melantius*, and many others of his best, are but Pictures shown you in the Twi-light; you know not whether they resemble Vice, or Virtue, and they are either good, bad, or indifferent, as the present Scene requires it. But of all Poets, this Commendation is to be given to *Ben Johnson*, that the Manners even of the most inconsiderable Persons in his Plays, are every where apparent.

By considering the Second Quality of Manners, which is, that they be suitable to the Age, Quality, Country, Dignity, &c. of the Character, we may likewise judge whether a Poet has follow'd Nature. In this Kind, *Sophocles* and *Euripides* have more excell'd among the *Greeks* than *Æschylus*: And *Terence*, more than *Plautus* among the *Romans*: Thus *Sophocles* gives to *OEdipus* the true Qualities of a King, in both those Plays which bear his Name: But in the latter, which is the *OEdipus Coloneus*, he lets fall on Purpose his Tragick Style, his Hero speaks not in the Arbitrary Tone; but remembers in the Softness of his Complaints, that he is an unfortunate blind Old-man, that he is banish'd from his Country, and persecuted by his next Relations. The present *French* Poets are generally accus'd, that wheresoever they lay the Scene, or in whatsoever Age, the Manners of their Heroes are wholly *French*: *Racin's Bajazet* is bred at *Constantinople*; but his Civilities are convey'd to him by some secret Passage, from *Versailles* into the *Seraglio*. But our *Shakespear*, having ascrib'd to *Henry the Fourth* the Character of a King, and of a Father, gives him the perfect Manners of each Relation, when either he transacts with his Son, or with his Subjects. *Fletcher*, on the other side, gives neither to *Arbaces*, nor to his King in the *Maid's Tragedy*, the Qualities which are suitable to a Monarch:

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Though he may be excus'd a little in the latter ; for the King there is not uppermost in the Character ; 'tis the Lover of *Ewadne*, who is King only, in a second Consideration ; and though he be unjust, and has other Faults which shall be nameless, yet he is not the Heroe of the Play : 'Tis true we find him a lawful Prince, (though I never heard of any King that was in *Rhodes*) and therefore Mr. *Rymer's* Criticism stands good ; that he should not be shown in so vicious a Character. *Sophocles* has been more judicious in his *Antigona* ; for though he represents in *Creon* a bloody Prince, yet he makes him not a lawful King, but an Usurper, and *Antigona* her self is the Heroine of the Tragedy : But when *Philafter* wounds *Arethusa* and the Boy ; and *Perigot* his Mistress, in the faithful Shepherdess, both these are contrary to the Character of Manhood : Nor is *Valentinian* manag'd much better, for though *Fletcher* has taken his Picture traly, and shown him as he was, an effeminate, voluptuous Man, yet he has forgotten that he was an Emperor, and has given him none of those Royal Marks, which ought to appear in a lawful Successor of the Throne. If it be enquir'd, what *Fletcher* should have done on this Occasion ; ought he not to have represented *Valentinian* as he was ? *Bossu* shall answer this Question for me, by an Instance of the like Nature : *Mauritius*, the Greek Emperor, was a Prince far surpassing *Valentinian*, for he was indued with many Kingly Virtues ; he was Religious, Merciful, and Valiant, but withal he was noted of extream Covetousness, a Vice which is contrary to the Character of a Heroe, or a Prince : Therefore, says the Critick, that Emperor was no fit Person to be represented in a Tragedy, unless his good Qualities were only to be shown, and his Covetousness (which fully'd them all) were slurr'd over by the Artifice of the Poet. To return once more to *Shakespear* ; no Man ever drew so many Characters, and generally distinguish'd 'em better from one another, excepting only *Johnson* : I will instance but in one, to show the Copiousness of his Invention ; 'tis that of *Caius*, or the Monster in the *Tempest*. He seems there to have created a Person which was not in Nature, a Bol-

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ness, which at first Sight would appear intolerable: For he makes him a Species of himself, begotten by an *Incubus* on a Witch; but this, as I have elsewhere prov'd, is not wholly beyond the Bounds of Credibility, at least the Vulgar still believe it. We have the separated Notions of a Spirit, and of a Witch; (and Spirits, according to *Plato*, are vested with a subtil Body; according to some of his Followers, have different Sexes) therefore as from the distinct Apprehensions of a Horse, and of a Man, Imagination has form'd a *Centaur*, so from those of an *Incubus* and a *Sorcerer*, *Shakespear* has produc'd his Monster. Whether or no his Generation can be defended, I leave to Philosophy; but of this I am certain, that the Poet has most judiciously furnish'd him with a Person, a Language, and a Character, which will suit him, both by Father's and Mother's side: he has all the Discontents, and Malice of a Witch, and of a Devil; besides a convenient Proportion of the deadly Sins; Gluttony, Sloth, and Lust, are manifest; the Dejectedness of a Slave is likewise given him, and the Ignorance of one bred up in a Desert Island. His Person is monstrous, and he is the Product of unnatural Lust; and his Language is as Hobgoblin as his Person: in all things he is distinguish'd from other Mortals. The Characters of *Fletcher* are poor and narrow, in comparison of *Shakespear's*; I remember not one which is not borrow'd from him; unless you will except that strange Mixture of a Man in the *King and no King*: So that in this Part *Shakespear* is generally worth our Imitation; and to imitate *Fletcher* is but to Copy after him who was a Copyer.

Under this general Head of Manners, the Passions are naturally included, as belonging to the Characters. I speak not of Pity and of Terror, which are to be mov'd in the Audience by the Plot; but of Anger, Hatred, Love, Ambition, Jealousy, Revenge, &c. as they are shown in this or that Person of the Play. To describe these Naturally, and to move them Artfully, is one of the greatest Commendations which can be given to a Poet: To write Pathetically, says *Longinus*, cannot proceed but from a lofty Genius. A Poet must be born with this Quality: yet,

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unless he help himself by an acquir'd Knowledge of the Passions, what they are in their own Nature, and by what Springs they are to be mov'd, he will be subject either to raise them where they ought not to be rais'd, or not to raise them by the just Degrees of Nature, or to amplify them beyond the Natural Bounds, or not to observe the Crisis and Turns of them, in their Cooling and Decay : all which Errors proceed from want of Judgment in the Poet, and from being unskilled in the Principles of Moral Philosophy. Nothing is more frequent in a fanciful Writer, than to foil himself by not managing his Strength : therefore, as in a Wrestler, there is first requir'd some measure of Force, a well-knit Body and Active Limbs, without which all Instruction would be vain ; yet, these being granted, if he want the Skill which is necessary to a Wrestler, he shall make but small Advantage of his natural Robustness : So in a Poet, his inborn Vehemence and force of Spirit, will only run him out of Breath the sooner, if it be not supported by the help of Art. The Roar of Passion indeed may please an Audience, three parts of which are ignorant enough to think all is moving which is Noisy, and it may stretch the Lungs of an Ambitious Actor, who will die upon the Spot for a thundring Clap ; but it will move no other Passion than Indignation and Contempt from judicious Men. *Longinus*, whom I have hitherto follow'd, continues thus : If the Passions be Artfully employ'd, the Discourse becomes vehement and lofty ; if otherwise, there is nothing more ridiculous than a great Passion out of Season : And to this purpose he animadverts severely upon *Æschylus*, who writ nothing in cold Blood, but was always in a Rapture, and in Fury with his Audience : the Inspiration was still upon him, he was ever tearing it upon the Tripod ; or (to run off as madly as he does, from one Similitude to another) he was always at High-flood of Passion, even in the dead Ebb, and lowest Water-mark of the Scene. He who would raise the Passion of a judicious Audience, says a learned Critick, must be sure to take his Hearers along with him ; if they be in a Calm, 'tis in vain for him to be in a Huff : he must move them

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them by degrees, and kindle with them; otherwise he will be in danger of setting his own Heap of Stubble on fire, and of burning out by himself, without warming the Company that stand about him. They who would justify the Madness of Poetry from the Authority of *Aristotle*, having mistaken the Text, and consequently the Interpretation: I imagine it to be false read, where he says of Poetry, that it is *Ευουῆς ἢ μανικῆς*, that it had always somewhat in it either of a Genius, or of a Mad-man. 'Tis more probable that the Original ran thus, that Poetry was *Ευουῆς ἢ μανικῆς*, That it belongs to a Witty-man, but not to a Mad-man. Thus then the Passions, as they are consider'd simply and in themselves, suffer Violence when they are perpetually maintain'd at the same Height; for what Melody can be made on that Instrument, all whose Strings are screw'd up at first to their utmost Stretch, and to the same Sound? But this is not the worst: for the Characters likewise bear a part in the general Calamity, if you consider the Passions as embodied in them: for it follows of Necessity, that no Man can be distinguish'd from another by his Discourse, when every Man is ranting, swagging, and exclaiming with the same Excess: as if it were the only Business of all the Characters to contend with each other for the Prize at *Billinggate*; or that the Scene of the Tragedy lay in *Ber'lem*. Suppose the Poet should intend this Man to be Cholerick, and that Man to be Patient; yet when they are confounded in the Writing, you cannot distinguish them from one another: for the Man who was call'd patient and tame, is only so before he speaks; but let his Clack be set a going, and he shall tongue it as impetuously, and as loudly as the errantest Heroe in the Play. By this means, the Characters are only distinct in Name; but in Reality, all the Men and Women in the Play are the same Person. No Man should pretend to write, who cannot temper his Fancy with his Judgment: nothing is more dangerous to a raw Horse-man, than a Hot-mouth'd Jade without a Curb.

'Tis necessary therefore for a Poet, who would concern an Audience by describing of a Passion, first to pre-

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pare it, and not to rush upon it all at once. *Ovid* has judiciously shown the Difference of these two Ways, in the Speeches of *Ajax* and *Ulysses*: *Ajax* from the very beginning breaks out into his Exclamations, and is swearing by his Maker. — *Agimus, prob Jupiter, inquit. Ulysses*, on the contrary, prepare his Audience with all the Submissiveness he can practise, and all the Calmness of a reasonable Man; he found his Judges in a Tranquillity of Spirit, and therefore set out leisurely and softly with them, till he had warm'd them by Degrees; and then he began to mend his Pace, and to draw them along with his own Impetuosity: yet so managing his Breath, that it might not fail him at his need, and reserving his utmost Proofs of Ability even to the last. The Success you see was answerable; for the Croud only Applauded the Speech of *Ajax*; —

Valgusque secutum ultima murmur erat: —

But the Judges awarded the Prize for which they contended, to *Ulysses*:

*Mota manus Procerum est, & quid facundia possit
Tum patuit, fortisque viri tulit arma Disertus.*

The next necessary Rule is, To put nothing into the Discourse which may hinder your moving of the Passions. Too many Accidents, as I have said, incumber the Poet, as much as the Arms of *Saul* did *David*; for the Variety of Passions which they produce, are ever crossing and jostling each other out of the Way. He who treats of Joy and Grief together, is in a fair way of causing neither of those Effects. There is yet another Obstacle to be remov'd, which is pointed Wit, and Sentences affected out of Season; these are nothing of Kin to the Violence of Passion: no Man is at leisure to make Sentences and Similes, when his Soul is in an Agony. I therefore name this Fault, that it may serve to mind me of my former Errors; neither will I spare my self, but give an Example of this kind from my *Indian* Emperor. *Montezuma*, pursu'd by his Enemies, and seeking Sanctuary,
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stands parlying without the Fort, and describing his Danger to *Cydaria*, in a Simile of six Lines ;

*As on the Sands the frighted Traveller
Sees the High Seas come rowling from afar, &c.*

My *Indian* Potentate was well skill'd in the Sea for an Inland Prince, and well improv'd since the first Act, when he sent his Son to discover it. The Image had not been amiss from another Man, at another Time : *Sed nunc non erat his locus* : he destroy'd the Concernment which the Audience might otherwise have had for him ; for they could not think the Danger near, when he had the Leisure to invent a Simile.

If *Shakeſpear* be allow'd, as I think he muſt, to have made his Characters diſtinct, it will eaſily be infer'd that he underſtood the Nature of the Paſſions : becauſe it has been prov'd already, that confus'd Paſſions make undiſtinguiſhable Characters : yet I cannot deny that he has his Failings ; but they are not ſo much in the Paſſions themſelves, as in his Manner of Expression : he often obſcures his Meaning by his Words, and ſometimes makes it unintelligible. I will not ſay of ſo great a Poet, that he diſtinguiſh'd not the blown puffy Style, from true Sublimity ; but I may venture to maintain, that the Fury of his Fancy often tranſported him beyond the Bounds of Judgment, either in coining of new Words and Phraſes, or racking Words which were in Uſe, into the Violence of a Catachreſis. 'Tis not that I would explode the Uſe of Metaphors from Paſſions, for *Longinus* thinks them neceſſary to raiſe it ; but to uſe them at every Word, to ſay nothing without a Metaphor, a Simile, an Image, or Deſcription, is I doubt to ſmell a little too ſtrongly of the Buſkin. I muſt be forc'd to give an Example of expreſſing Paſſion figuratively ; but that I may do it with Reſpect to *Shakeſpear*, it ſhall not be taken from any thing of his : 'tis an Exclamation againſt Fortune, quoted in his *Hamlet*, but written by ſome other Poet.

*Out, out, thou Strumpet Fortune : all you Gods,
In general-Synod, take away her Power,*

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*Break all the Spokes and Falleys from her Wheel;
And bowl the round Nave down the Hill of Heav'n
As low as to the Fiends.*

And immediately after, speaking of Hecuba, when Priam was kill'd before her Eyes :

*The mobbled Queen ran up and down,
Threatning the Flame with bisson Rheum: a Clout a-
bout that Head,
Where late the Diadem stood; and for a Robe
About her lank and all o'er-teemed Loyns,
A Blanket in th' Alarm of Fear caught up.
Who this had seen, with Tongue in Venom steep'd
'Gainst Fortune's State would Treason have pronounc'd;
But if the Gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious Sport
In mincing with his Sword her Husband's Limbs,
The Instant burst of Clamor that she made
(Unless things mortal meant them not at all)
Would have made Milch the burning Eyes of Heav'n,
And Passion in the Gods.*

What a Pudder is here kept in raising the Expression of trifling Thoughts! would not a Man have thought that the Poet had been bound Prentice to a Wheel-wright, for his first Rant? and had follow'd a Rag-man, for the Clout and Blanket, in the Second? Fortune is painted on a Wheel, and therefore the Writer, in a Rage, will have Poetical Justice done upon every Member of that Engine: after this Execution, he bowls the Nave Down-hill, from Heaven, to the Fiends: (an unreasonable long Mark, a Man would think;) 'tis well there are no solid Orbs to stop it in the Way, or no Element of Fire to consume it: but when it came to the Earth, it must be monstrous heavy, to break Ground as low as to the Center. His making Milch the burning Eyes of Heaven, was a pretty tolerable Flight too: and I think no Man ever drew Milk out of Eyes before him: yet to make the Wonder greater, these Eyes were burning. Such a Sight indeed were

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were enough to have rais'd Passion in the Gods; but to excuse the Effects of it, he tells you, perhaps they did not see it. Wise Men would be glad to find a little Sense couch'd under all those pompous Words; for Bombast is commonly the Delight of that Audience, which loves Poetry, but understands it not: and as commonly has been the Practice of those Writers, who not being able to infuse a natural Passion into the Mind, have made it their Business to ply the Ears, and to stun their Judges by the Noise. But *Shakespear* does not often thus; for the Passions in his Scene between *Brutus* and *Cassius* are extremely natural, the Thoughts are such as arise from the Matter, and the Expression of them not viciously figurative. I cannot leave this Subject, before I do Justice to that Divine Poet, by giving you one of his passionate Descriptions: 'tis of *Richard* the Second when he was depos'd, and led in Triumph through the Streets of *London* by *Henry Bullingbrook*: the Painting of it is so lively, and the Words so moving, that I have scarce read any thing comparable to it, in any other Language. Suppose you have seen already the fortunate Usurper passing through the Crowd, and follow'd by the Shouts and Acclamations of the People; and now behold King *Richard* entering upon the Scene: consider the Wretchedness of his Condition, and his Carriage in it; and refrain from Pity if you can.

*As in a Theatre, the Eyes of Men
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his Prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more Contempt, Mens Eyes
Did scowl on Richard: no Man cry'd, God save him:
No joyful Tongue gave him his welcome Home,
But Dust was thrown upon his sacred Head,
Which with such gentle Sorrow he shook off,
His Face still combating with Tears and Smiles
(The Badges of his Grief and Patience)
That had not God (for some strong Purpose) stee'd
The Hearts of Men, they must perforce have melted,
And Barbarism itself have pity'd him.*

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To speak justly of this whole matter: 'tis neither Height of Thought that is discommended, nor pathetick Vehemence, nor any Nobleness of Expression in its proper Place; but 'tis a false Measure of all these, something which is like them, and is not them: 'tis the *Bristol-stone* which appears like a Diamond; 'tis an extravagant Thought, instead of a sublime one; 'tis roaring Madness, instead of Vehemence; and a Sound of Words, instead of Sense. If *Shakespeare* were stript of all the Bombasts in his Passions, and dress'd in the most vulgar Words, we should find the Beauties of his Thoughts remaining; if his Embroideries were burnt down, there would still be Silver at the Bottom of the Melting-Pot: but I fear (at least, let me fear it for my self) that we who Ape his sounding Words, have nothing of his Thought, but are all outside; there is not so much as a Dwarf within our Giants Cloaths. Therefore, let not *Shakespeare* suffer for our Sakes; 'tis our Fault, who succeed him in an Age which is more refin'd, if we imitate him so ill; that we copy his Failings only, and make a Virtue of that in our Writings, which in his was an Imperfection.

For what remains, the Excellency of that Poet was, as I have said, in the more manly Passions; *Fletcher's* in the softer: *Shakespeare* writ better betwixt Man and Man; *Fletcher*, betwixt Man and Woman: consequently, the one describ'd Friendship better; the other Love: yet *Shakespeare* taught *Fletcher* to write Love: and *Ju'iet*, and *Desdemona*, are Originals. 'Tis true, the Scholar had the softer Soul; but the Master had the kinder. Friendship is both a Virtue and a Passion essentially; Love is a Passion only in its Nature, and is not a Virtue but by Accident: Good-nature makes Friendship; but Effeminacy Love. *Shakespeare* had an Universal Mind, which comprehended all Characters and Passions; *Fletcher* a more confin'd and limited: for though he treated Love in Perfection, yet Honour, Ambition, Revenge, and generally all the stronger Passions, he either touch'd not, or not Masterly. To conclude all; he was a Limb of *Shakespeare*.

The P R E F A C E.

I had intended to have proceeded to the last Property of Manners, which is, That they must be constant, and the Characters maintain'd the same from the Beginning to the End; and from thence to have proceeded to the Thoughts and Expressions suitable to a Tragedy: but I will first see how this will relish with the Age. 'Tis I confess but cursorily written; yet the Judgment which is given here, is generally founded upon Experience: But because many Men are shock'd at the Name of Rules, as if they were a kind of Magisterial Prescription upon Poets, I will conclude with the Words of *Rapin*, in his Reflections on *Aristotle's* Work of Poetry: If the Rules be well consider'd, we shall find them to be made only to reduce Nature into Method, to trace Step by Step, and not to suffer the least Mark of her to escape us: 'tis only by those, that Probability in Fiction is maintain'd, which is the Soul of Pœtry: they are founded upon good Sense, and sound Reason, rather than on Authority; for though *Aristotle* and *Horace* are produc'd, yet no Man must argue, that what they write is true, because they writ it; but 'tis evident, by the ridiculous Mistakes and gross Absurdities, which have been made by those Poets who have taken their Fancy only for their Guide, that if this Fancy be not regulated, 'tis a meer Caprice, and utterly incapable to produce a reasonable and judicious Poem.



P R O-



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Betterton,

Representing the Ghost of Shakespear.

SEE, my lov'd Britons, see your Shakespear rise,
An awful Ghost confess'd to human Eyes!
Unnam'd, methinks, distinguish'd I had been
From other Shades, by this eternal Green,
About whose Wreaths the vulgar Poets strive,
And with a Touch, their wither'd Bays revive.
Untaught, unpractis'd, in a barbarous Age,
I found not, but created first the Stage.
And, if I drain'd no Greek or Latin Store,
'Twas, that my own Abundance gave me more.
On Foreign Trade I needed not rely,
Like fruitful Britain, rich without Supply.
In this my rough-drawn Play, you shall behold
Some Master-strokes; so manly and so bold,
That he, who meant to alter, found 'em such,
He shook, and thought it Sacrilege to touch.
Now, where are the Successors to my Name?
What bring they to fill out a Poet's Fame?
Weak, short-liv'd Issues of a feeble Age;
Scarce living to be Christen'd on the Stage!
For Humour Farce, for Love they Rhyme dispense,
That tolls the Knell for their departed Sense.

Burlesq

PROLOGUE.

*Dulness might thrive in any Trade but this:
'Twould recommend to some fat Benefice.
Dulness, that in a Play-house meets Disgrace,
Might meet with Reverence, in its proper Place.
The fullsome Clench that nauseates the Town,
Wou'd from a Judge or Alderman go down!
Such Virtue is there in a Robe and Gown!
And that inspid Stuff which here you hate,
Might somewhere else be call'd a grave Debate:
Dulness is decent in the Church and State.
But I forget that still 'tis understood
Bad Plays are best decry'd by showing Good:
Sit silent then, that my pleas'd Soul may see
A judging Audience once, and worthy me:
My faithful Scene from true Records shall tell,
How Trojan Valour did the Greek excell;
Your great Fore-fathers shall their Fame regain,
And Homer's angry Ghost repine in vain.*



Dramat's

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PRIAM,
ÆNEAS,
PANDARUS,
CALCHAS,

Mr. *Smith.*
Mr. *Betterton.*
Mr. *Percivall.*
Mr. *Joseph Williams.*
Mr. *Leigh.*
Mr. *Percivall.*

AGAMEMNON,
ULYSSES,
ACHILLES,
AJAX,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS,
MENELAUS,
THERSITES,

Mr. *Gillo.*
Mr. *Harris.*
Mr. *David Williams.*
Mr. *Bright.*
Mr. *Norris.*
Mr. *Crosby.*
Mr. *Bowman.*
Mr. *Richards.*
Mr. *Underhill.*

W O M E N.

CRESSIDA,
ANDROMACHE,

Mrs. *Mary Lee.*
Mrs. *Betterton.*

TROILUS

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TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulysses, Diomedes, *and* Nestor.

AGAMEMNON.

PRINCES, it seems not strange to us now,
That after Nine Years Siege Troy makes
Defence,
Since every Action of recorded Fame
Has with long Difficulties been involv'd,
Not answering that Idea of the Thought
Which gave it Birth; why then, you Grecian Chiefs,
With sickly Eyes do you behold our Labours,
And think 'em our Dishonour, which indeed
Are the protractive Tryals of the Gods,
To prove heroick Constancy in Men?

Nestor. With due Observance of thy Sovereign Seat
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply

Thy

Thy well-weigh'd Words: In struggling with Misfor-
 Lies the true Proof of Virtue: On smooth Seas, [tunes
 How many bawble Boats dare set their Sails,
 And make an equal Way with firmer Vessels!
 But let the Tempest once intrude that Sea,
 And then behold the strong-rib'd *Argosie*,
 Bounding between the Ocean and the Air,
 Like *Perseus* mounted on his *Pegasus*.
 Then where are those weak Rivals of the Main?
 Or to avoid the Tempest fled to Port,
 Or made a Prey to *Neptune*: Even thus
 Do empty Show, and true-priz'd Worth divide
 In Storms of Fortune.

Ulysses. Mighty *Agamemnon*!
 Heart of our Body, Soul of our Designs,
 In whom the Tempers, and the Minds of all
 Shou'd be inclos'd: Hear what *Ulysses* speaks.

Agam. — You have free Leave.

Ulysses. *Troy* had been down ere this, and *Hector*'s Sword
 Wanted a Master, but for our Disorders:
 Th' Observance due to Rule has been neglected;
 Observe how many *Grecian* Tents stand void
 Upon this Plain; so many hollow Factions:
 For when the General is not like the Hive,
 To whom the Foragers should all repair,
 What Honey can our empty Combs expect?
 Or when Supremacy of Kings is shaken,
 What can succeed? How cou'd Communities
 Or peaceful Traffick from divided Shores,
 Prerogative of Age, Crowns, Sceptres, Laurels,
 But by Degree stand on their solid Base?
 Then every thing resolves to brutal Force,
 And headlong Force is led by hoodwink'd Will.
 For wild Ambition, like a ravenous Wolf,
 Spurr'd on by Will, and seconded by Power,
 Must make an universal Prey of all,
 And last devour it self.

Nest. Most prudently *Ulysses* has discover'd
 The Malady whereof our State is sick.

Diom. 'Tis Truth he speaks, the General's disdain'd.
 By

By him one Step beneath, he by the next :
That next by him below : So each Degree
Spurns upward at Superiour Eminence :
Thus our Distempers are their sole Support ;
Troy in our Weakness lives, not in her Strength.

Agam. The Nature of this Sickness found, inform us
From whence it draws its Birth ?

Ulyss. The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crowns
The Chief of all our Host——

Having his Ears buzz'd with his noisy Fame,
Disdains thy Sovereign Charge, and in his Tent
Lies mocking our Designs ; with him *Patroclus*
Upon a lazy Bed, breaks scurril jests,
And with ridiculous and awkward Action,
Which, Slanderer, he Imitation calls,
Mimicks the *Grecian* Chiefs.

Agam. As how, *Ulysses* ?

Ulyss. Ev'n thee, the King of Men, he does not spare,
(The Monkey Author) but thy Greatness pageants,
And makes of it Rehearsals : like a Player
Bellowing his Passion till he break the Spring,
And his rack'd Voice jar to his Audience ;
So represents he Thee, though more unlike
Than *Vulcan* is to *Venus*.

And at this fulsome Stuff, the Wit of Apes,
The large *Achilles* on his Prest-bed lolling,
From his deep Chest roars out a loud Applause,
Tickling his Spleen, and laughing till he wheeze.

Nestor. Nor are you spar'd, *Ulysses*, but, as you speak
in Council,

He hems ere he begins, then stroakes his Beard,
Casts down his Looks, and winks with half an Eye ;
Has every Action, Cadence, Motion, Tone,
All of you but the Sense.

Agam. Fortune was merry
When he was born, and plaid a trick on Nature
To make a Mimick Prince ; he ne'er Acts ill,
But when he would seem Wise :
For all he says or does from serious Thought,
Appears so wretched that he mocks his Title,

And

Thy well-weigh'd Words: In struggling with Misfor-
 Lies the true Proof of Virtue: On smooth Seas, [tunes
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When he was born, and plaid a trick on Nature
To make a Mimick Prince ; he ne'er Acts ill,
But when he would seem Wise :
For all he says or does from serious Thought,
Appears so wretched that he mocks his Title,

And

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And is his own Buffoon.

Ulyf. In Imitation of this scurril Fool,
Ajax is grown Self-will'd as broad *Achilles*,
He keeps a Table too, makes factious Feasts,
Rails on our State of War, and sets *Thersites*
(A slanderous Slave of an o'erflowing Gall)
To level us with low Comparisons:

They Tax our Policy with Cowardice,
Count Wisdom of no Moment in the War,
In brief, esteem no Act, but that of Hand;
The still and thoughtful Parts which move those Hands,
With them are but the Tasks cut out by Fear
To be perform'd by Valour.

Agam. Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* Horse
Is more of use than he: but you, grave Pair,
Like Time and Wisdom marching Hand in Hand,
Must put a stop to these incroaching Ills:
To you we leave the Care:
You who cou'd show whence the Distemper springs,
Must vindicate the Dignity of Kings. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II. *Troy.*

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

Troil. Why should I fight without the *Trojan* Walls,
Who, without fighting, am o'erthrown within?
The *Trojan* who is Master of a Soul,
Let him to battle, *Troilus* has none.

Pand. Will this never be at an End with you?

Troil. The *Greeks* are strong, and skilful to their Strength,
Fierce to their Skill, and to their Fierceness wary;
But I am weaker than a Woman's Tear,
Tamer than Sleep, fonder than Ignorance:
And Artless as unpractis'd Infancy.

Pand. Well, I have told you enough of this; for my
part I'll not meddle nor make any further in your Love:
He that will eat of the Roastmeat, must stay for the
kindling of the Fire.

Troil. Have I not stay'd?

Pand. Ay, the kindling; but you must stay the Spitting
of the Meat. *Troilus*

Troil. Have I not stay'd ?

Pand. Ay, the spitting : but there's two Words to a Bargain : you must stay the roasting too.

Troil. Still have I stay'd : and still the farther off.

Pand. That's but the roasting, but there's more in this Word Stay ; there's the taking off the Spit, the making of the Sawce, the dishing, the setting on the Table, and saying Grace ; nay you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your Chaps.

Troil. At *Priam's* Table pensive do I sit,
And when fair *Cressida* comes into my Thoughts
(Can she be said to come, who ne'er was absent !)

Pand. Well, she's a most ravishing Creature ; and she look'd Yesterday most killingly, she had such a Stroke with her Eyes, she cut to the Quick with every Glance of them.

Troil. I was about to tell thee, when my Heart
Was ready with a Sigh to cleave in two,
Lest *Hector*, or my Father should perceive me,
I have with mighty Anguish of my Soul
Just at the Birth stifled this still-born Sigh,
And forc'd my Face into a painful Smile.

Pand. I measur'd her with my Girdle Yesterday, she's not half a Yard about the Waist, but so taper a Shape did I never see ; but when I had her in my Arms, Lord, thought I, and by my Troth I could not forbear Sighing, if Prince *Troilus* had her at this Advantage, and I were holding of the Door. — An she were a thought taller, but as she is, she wants not an Inch of *Helen* neither ; but there's no more Comparison between the Women — there was Wit, there was a sweet Tongue ! How her Words melted in her Mouth ! *Mercury* wou'd have been glad to have such a Tongue in his Mouth, I warrant him. I wou'd some Body had heard her talk Yesterday, as I did.

Troil. Oh *Pandarus*, when I tell thee I am mad
In *Cressid's* Love, thou answer'st she is fair ;
Praisest her Eyes, her Stature, and her Wit ;
But praising thus, instead of Oyl and Balm,
Thou lay'st in every Wound her Love has giv'n me,
The Sword that made it.

Pand.

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Pand. I give her but her Due.

Troil. Thou giv'st her not so much.

Pand. Faith I'll speak no more of her, let her be as she is: If she be a Beauty, 'tis the better for her; and she be not, she has the Mends in her own Hands, for *Pandarus*.

Troil. In spite of me thou wilt mistake my Meaning.

Pand. I have had but my Labour for my Pains, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: Gone between and between, and am Ground in the Millstones for my Labour.

Troil. What art thou angry, *Pandarus*, with thy Friend?

Pand. Because she's my Niece, therefore she's not so Fair as *Hellen*; and she were not my Niece, show me such another Piece of Woman's Flesh; take her Limb by Limb, I say no more, but if *Paris* had seen her first, *Menelaus* had been no Cuckold: but what care I if she were a Blackmoor, what am I the better for her Face?

Troil. Said I she was not beautiful?

Pand. I care not if you did, she's a Fool to stay behind her Father *Calchas*, let her to the *Greeks*; and so I'll tell her: for my part I am resolute, I'll meddle no more in your Affairs.

Troil. But hear me!

Pand. Not I.

Troil. Dear *Pandarus*——

Pand. Pray speak no more on't, I'll not burn my Fingers in another Body's Business, I'll leave it as I found it, and there's an End. [Exit.]

Troil. O Gods, how do you torture me!
I cannot come to *Cressid* but by him,
And he's as peevish to be woo'd to woo,
As she is to be won.

Enter Æneas.

Æneas. How now, Prince *Troilus*; why not in the Battle?

Troil. Because not there; this Woman's Answer suits me;

For Womanish it is to be from thence:

What News, *Æneas*, from the Field to-day?

Æn.

Æn. Paris is hurt.

Troil. By whom?

Æn. By Menelaus. Hark what good Sport

[Alarm within.]

Is out of Town to-day, when I hear such Musick
I cannot hold from dancing.

Troil. I'll make one,

And try to lose an anxious Thought or two
In heat of Action.

Thus Coward-like from Love to War I run, [Aside.
Seek the less Dangers, and the greater shun. [Ex. Troil.

Enter Cressida.

Cres. My Lord *Æneas*, who were those went by? I
mean the Ladies.

Æn. Queen *Hecuba*, and *Hellen*.

Cres. And whither go they?

Æn. Up to the Western Tower,

Whose Height commands as subject all the Vale,

To see the Battle. *Hector*, whose Patience

Is fix'd like that of Heav'n, to-day was mov'd:

He chid *Andromache*, and struck his Armourer,

And as there were good Husbandry in War,

Before the Sun was up he went to Field;

Your Pardon, Lady, that's my Business too. [Ex. *Æneas*;

Cres. *Hector*'s a gallant Warriour.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. What's that, what's that?

Cres. Good-morrow, Uncle *Pandarus*.

Pand. Good-morrow, Cousin *Cressida*: When were you
at Court?

Cres. This Morning, Uncle.

Pand. What were you a talking, when I came? Was
Hector arm'd, and gone ere ye came? *Hector* was stir-
ring early.

Cres. That I was talking of; and of his Anger.

Pand. Was he angry, say you? true he was so, and I
know the Cause: He was struck down Yesterday in the
Battle, but he'll lay about him; he'll cry Quittance with
'em to-day I'll answer for him: And there's *Troilus* will
not come far behind him; let 'em take Heed of *Troilus*,
Æn. I can tell 'em that too.

Cres.

Cres. What was he struck down too?

Pand. Who, *Troilus*? *Troilus* is the better Man of the two.

Cres. Oh *Jupiter*! there's no Comparison, *Troilus* the better Man!

Pand. What, no Comparison between *Hector* and *Troilus*? do you know a Man if you see him?

Cres. No, for he may look like a Man, and not be one.

Pand. Well, I say *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cres. That's what I say, for I am sure he is not *Hector*.

Pand. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, make your best of that, Niece!

Cres. 'Tis true, for each of 'em is himself.

Pand. Himself! alas poor *Troilus*! I wou'd he were himself; well, the Gods are all-sufficient, and Time must mend or end: I wou'd he were himself, and wou'd I were a Lady for his Sake. I would not answer for my Maidenhead. — No, *Hector* is not a better Man than *Troilus*.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pand. Pardon me: *Troilus* is in the Bud: 'tis early Day with him, you shall tell me another Tale when *Troilus* is come to Bearing: And yet he'll not bear neither in some Sense. No, *Hector* shall never have his Virtues.

Cres. No Matter.

Pand. Nor his Beauty, nor his Fashion, nor his Wit, he shall have nothing of him.

Cres. They would not become him, his own are better.

Pand. How, his own better! you have no Judgment Niece, *Helen* her self swore th'other Day, that *Troilus* for a manly brown Complexion; (for so it is, I must confess;) not brown neither.

Cres. No, but very brown.

Pand. Faith to say Truth, brown and not brown: Come I swear to you, I th n'k *Helen* loves him better than *Paris*: Nay I'm sure she does. She comes me to him t'other Day, into the Bow-Window, and you know *Troilus* has not above three or four Hairs on his Chin.

Cres. That's but a bare Commendation.

Pand. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, she comes, and puts me her white Hand to his cloven Chin.

Cres.

Cres.
Pand.
V o

Cress. Has he been fighting then, how came it cloven?

Pand. Why, you know it is dimpled. I cannot chuse but laugh to think how she tickled his cloven Chin: She has a marvellous white Hand I must needs confess.

But let that pass, for I know who has a whiter:

Well Cousin, I told you a thing Yesterday, think on't,

Cress. So I do, Uncle. [think on't.

Pand. I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep ye, and 'twere a Man born in April. [A Retreat sounded.

Hark, they are returning from the Field; shall we stay and see 'em as they come by, sweet Niece? do sweet Niece

Cress. For once you shall command me. [Cressida.

Pand. Here, here, here's an excellent Place; we may see 'em here most bravely, and I'll tell you all their Names as they pass by; but mark *Troilus* above the rest, mark *Troilus*, he's worth your marking.

Aeneas passes over the Stage.

Cress. Speak not so loud then.

Pand. That's *Aeneas*. Is't not a brave Man that? he's a Swinger, many a Grecian he has laid with his Face upward; but mark *Troilus*, you shall see anon.

Enter Antenor passing.

That's *Antenor*, he has a notable Head-piece I can tell you, and he's the ablest Man for Judgment in all *Troy*, you may turn him loose i'faith, and by my Troth a proper Person: When comes *Troilus*? I'll show you *Troilus* anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Hector passes over.

That's *Hector*. that, that, look you that, there's a Fellow, go thy Way *Hector*, there's a brave Man, Niece: O brave *Hector*, look how he looks! there's a Countenance: Is't not a brave Man, Niece?

Cress. I always told you so.

Pand. Is a not? it does a Man's Heart good to look on him; look you, look you there, what Hacks are on his Helmet? this was no Boys Play i'faith, he laid it on with a Vengeance, take it off whose will, as they say! there are Hacks, Niece!

Cress. Were those with Swords?

Pand. Swords, or Bucklers, Faulchions, Darts, and

V O L. V.

C

Lances!

50 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Lances! any thing, he cares not! and the Devil come 'tis all one to him; by *Jupiter* he looks so terribly, that I am half afraid to praise him.

Enter Paris.

Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*, look ye yonder Niece; is't not a brave young Prince too? He draws the best Bow in all *Troy*, he hits you to a Span twelve-score Level; Who said he came home hurt to-day? why this will do *Helen's* Heart good now! Ha! that I could see *Troilus* now!

Enter Helenus.

Cress. Who's that black Man, Uncle?

Pand. That's *Helenus*. I marvel where *Troilus* is all this while? that's *Helenus*. I think *Troilus* went not forth to Day; that's *Helenus*.

Cress. Can *Helenus* fight, Uncle?

Pand. *Helenus*! No, yes, he'll fight indifferently well. I marvel in my Heart what's become of *Troilus*? Hark! do you not hear the People cry *Troilus*? *Helenus*, is a Priest and keeps a Whore, he'll fight for his Whore, or he's no true Priest I warrant him.

Enter Troilus passing over.

Cress. What sneaking Fellow comes yonder?

Pand. Where, yonder? that's *Deiphobus*: No, I lye, I lye, that's *Troilus*, there's a Man, Niece! hem! O brave *Troilus*! the Prince of Chivalry, and Flower of

Cress. Peace, for Shame Peace. [Fidelity!]

Pand. Nay, but mark him then! O brave *Troilus*! there's a Man of Men, Niece! look you how his Sword is bloody, and his Helmet more hack'd than *Hector's*, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable Youth! he ne'er saw two and twenty. Go thy Way *Troilus*, go thy Way! had I a Sister were a Grace, and a Daughter a Goddess, he should take his Choice of 'em. O admirable Man! *Paris*, *Paris* is Dirt to him, and I warrant *Helen* to change, wou'd give all the Shoes in her Shop to boot.

Enter common Soldiers passing over.

Cress. Here come more.

Pand. Asses, Fools, Dolts, Dirt and Dung. Stuff and Lumber: Porridge after Meat? but I could live and die with

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with *Troilus*. Ne'er look, Niece, ne'er look, the Lions are gone: Apes and Monkeys, the fag-End of the Creation. I had rather be such a Man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all Greece. [Man!]

Cress. There's *Achilles* among the *Greeks*, he's a brave

Pand. *Achilles*! a Carman, a Beast of Burden; a very Camel; have you any Eyes Niece, do you know a Man? is he to be compar'd with *Troilus*?

Enter Page.

Page. Sir, my Lord *Troilus* would instantly speak with *Pand.* Where Boy, where? [you.

Page. At his own House, if you think convenient.

Pand. Good Boy tell him I come instantly, I doubt he's wounded; farewell good Niece: But I'll be with you by and by.

Cress. To bring me, Uncle!

Pand. Ay, a Token from Prince *Troilus*. [Ex. *Pandar.*

Cress. By the same Token you are a Procurer, Uncle.

Cressida alone.

A strange dissembling Sex we Women are;
Well may we Men, when we our selves deceive.
Long has my secret Soul lov'd *Troilus*.
I drunk his Praises from my Uncle's Mouth,
As if my Ears cou'd ne'er be satisfy'd;
Why then, why said I not, I love this Prince?
How could my Tongue conspire against my Heart,
To say I lov'd him not? O childish Love!
'Tis like an Infant froward in his Play,
And what he most desires, he throws away. [Exit.



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Troy*.

Enter *Priam*, *Hector*, *Troilus*, and *Aeneas*.

Priam. AFTER th' Expence of so much Time and Blood,

Thus once again the *Grecians* send to *Troy*.

C 2

D 2

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Deliver *Helen*, and all other Loss
Shall be forgotten. *Hector*, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no Man less can fear the *Greeks* than I,
Yet there's no Virgin of more tender Heart,
More ready to cry out, Who knows the Consequence,
Than *Hector* is; for modest Doubt is mix'd
With manly Courage best; let *Helen* go.

If we have lost so many Men of ours,
To keep a Thing not ours; not worth to us
The Value of a Man, what Reason is there
Still to retain the Cause of so much Ill?

Troil. Fy, fy, my noble Brother!
Weigh you the Worth and Honour of a King,
So great as *Asia's* Monarch, in a Scale
Of common Ounces thus?

Are Fears and Reasons fit to be consider'd,
When a King's Fame is question'd?

Hect. Brother, she's not worth
What her Defence has cost us.

Troil. What's ought, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But Value dwells not in Opinion only:
It hold the Dignity and Estimation,
As well, wherein 'tis precious of it self,
As in the Prizer; 'tis Idolatry
To make the Service greater than the God.

Troil. We turn not back the Silks upon the Merchant,
When we have worn 'em: The remaining Food
Throw not away, because we now are full.
If you confess 'twas Wisdom *Paris* went,
As you must needs; for you all cry'd, Go, go:
If you'll confess he brought home noble Prize,
As you must needs; for you all clapt your Hands,
And cry'd, Inestimable: Why do you now
So under-rate the Value of your Purchase?
For let me tell you, 'tis unmanly Theft,
When we have taken what we fear to keep!

Æn. There's not the meanest Spirit in our Party
Without a Heart to dare, or Sword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: None so noble
Whose Life were ill bestow'd, or Death unfam'd,

When

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When *Helen* is the Subject.

Priam. So says *Paris*.
Like one besotted on effeminate Joys,
He has the Honey still, but these the Gall.

Æn. He not proposes meenly to himself
The Pleasures such a Beauty brings with it:
But he wou'd have the Stain of *Helen's* Rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.

Hect. *Troilus* and *Æneas*, you have said:
If saying superficial things be Reason.
But if this *Helen* be another's Wife,
The moral Laws of Nature and of Nations
Speak loud she be restor'd: Thus to persist
In doing Wrong, extenuates not Wrong,
But makes it much more so: *Hector's* Opinion
Is this, in Way of Truth: Yet ne'ertheless,
My sprightly Brother, I encline to you
In Resolution to defend her still:
For 'tis a Cause on which our *Trojan* Honour
And common Reputation will depend.

Troil. Why there you touch'd the Life of our Design:
Were it not Glory that we covet more
Than War and Vengeance [Beasts and Women's Pleasure]
I wou'd not wish a Drop of *Trojan* Blood
Spent more in her Defence: But oh! my Brother,
She is a Subject of Renown and Honour,
And I presume brave *Hector* wou'd not lose
The rich Advantage of his future Fame
For the wide World's Revenue: — I have Business;
But glad I am to leave you thus resolv'd.
When such Arms strike, ne'er doubt of the Success.

Æn. May we not guess?

Troil. You may, and be deceiv'd. [Exit *Troil.*]

Hect. A Woman, on my Life: Even so it happens,
Religion, State-Affairs, whate'er's the Theme,
It ends in Women still.

Enter *Andromache*.

Priam. See here's your Wife
To make that Maxim good. [ful,

Hect. Welcome, *Andromache*: Your Looks are chear-

You

You bring some pleasing News.

Andro. Nothing that's serious.

Your little Son *Astyanax* has employ'd me
As his Ambassador.

Hec. Upon what Errand?

Andro. No less than that his Grandfather this Day
Would make him Knight: He longs to kill a *Grecian*:
For shou'd he stay to be a Man, he thinks
You'll kill 'em all; and leave no Work for him.

Priam. Your own Blood, *Hector*.

Andro. And therefore he designs to send a Challenge
To *Agamemnon*, *Ajax*, or *Achilles*;
To prove they do not well to burn our Fields;
And keep us coop'd like Pris'ners in a Town,
To lead this lazy Life.

Hec. What Sparks of Honour
Fly from this Child! the Gods speak in him sure:
—— It shall be so —— I'll do't.

Priam. What means my Son?

Hec. To send a Challenge to the boldest *Greek*;
Is not that Country ours? those fruitful Fields
Wash'd by yon silver Flood, are they not ours?
Those teeming Vines that tempt our longing Eyes,
Shall we behold 'em? shall we call 'em ours,
And dare not make 'em so? by Heavens I'll know
Which of these haughty *Grecians* dares to think
He can keep *Hector* Pris'ner here in *Troy*.

Priam. If *Hector* only were a private Man,
This wou'd be Courage, but in him 'tis Madness.
The general Safety on your Life depends;
And shou'd you perish in this rash Attempt,
Troy with a Groan wou'd feel her Soul go out,
And breathe her last in you.

Æn. The Task you undertake is hazardous:
Suppose you win, what wou'd the Profit be?
If *Ajax* or *Achilles* fell beneath
Your thundering Arm, wou'd all the rest depart?
Wou'd *Agamemnon*, or his injur'd Brother
Set Sail for this? then it were worth your Danger.
But, as it is, we throw our utmost Stake

Against

Against whole Heaps of theirs.

Priam. He tells you true.

Æn. Suppose one *Ajax*, or *Achilles* lost,
They can repair with more that single Loss:
Troy has but one, one *Hector*.

Hect. No, *Æneas*?
What then art thou; and what is *Troilus*?
What will *Astyanax* be?

Priam. An *Hector* one Day,
But you must let him live to be a *Hector*.
And who shall make him such when you are gone?
Who shall instruct his Tendernefs in Arms,
Or give his Childhood Lessons of the War?
Who shall defend the Promise of his Youth,
And make it bear in Manhood? the young Sappling
Is shrouded long beneath the Mother-tree,
Before it be transplanted from its Earth,
And trust it self for Growth.

Hect. Alas, my Father!
You have not drawn one Reason from your self,
But publick Safety, and my Son's green Years:
In this neglecting that main Argument,
Trust me you chide my filial Piety:
As if I could be won from my Resolves
By *Troy*, or by my Son, or any Name
More dear to me than yours.

Priam. I did not name my self; because I know
When thou are gone, I need no *Græcian* Sword
To help me die, but only *Hector's* Loss.
Daughter, why speak not you? why stand you silent?
Have you no Right in *Hector* as a Wife?

Andro. I would be worthy to be *Hector's* Wife:
And had I been a Man, as my Soul's one,
I had aspir'd a nobler Name, his Friend.
How I love *Hector*, (need I say I love him?)
I am not but in him:
But when I see him arming for his Honour,
His Country and his Gods, that martial Fire,
That mounts his Courage, kindles ev'n to me:
And when the *Trojan* Matrons wait him out

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With Pray'rs, and meet with Blessings his Return;
The Pride of Virtue beats within my Breast,
To wipe away the Sweat and Dust of War:
And dress my Heroe, glorious in his Wounds.

Hect. Come to my Arms, thou manlier Virtue come;
Thou better Name than Wife! would'st thou not blush
To hug a Coward thus? [Embrace.]

Priam. Yet still I fear!

Andro. There spoke a Woman; pardon, Royal Sir;
Has he not met a thousand lifted Swords
Of thick-rank'd *Grecians*, and shall one affright him?
There's not a Day but he encounters Armies;
And yet as safe, as if the broad-brim'd Shield
That *Pallas* wears, were held 'twixt him and Death.

Hect. Thou know'st me well; and thou shalt praise me
Gods make me worthy of thee! [more,

Andro. You shall be
My Knight this Day, you shall not wear a Cause
So black as *Helen's* Rape upon your Breast.
Let *Paris* fight for *Helen*; Guilt for Guilt;
But when you fight for Honour and for me,
Then let our equal Gods behold an Act,
They may not blush to Crown.

Hect. *Aeneas* go
And bear my Challenge to the *Grecian* Camp.
If there be one amongst the best of *Greece*,
Who holds his Honour higher than his Ease,
Who knows his Valour, and knows not his Fear;
Who loves his Mistress more than in Confession;
And dares avow her Beauty and her Worth,
In other Arms than hers; to him this Challenge.
I have a Lady of more Truth and Beauty,
Than ever *Greek* did compass in his Arms:
And will to-morrow, with the Trumpet's Call,
Mid-way, between their Tents, and these our Walls,
Maintain what I have said; if any come
My Sword shall honour him, if none shall dare,
Then shall I say at my Return to *Troy*,
The *Grecian* Dames are Sun-burnt, and not worth
The Splinter of a Lance.

En.

Æn. It shall be told 'em,
As boldly as you gave it
Priam. Heav'n protect thee. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pand. Yonder he stands, poor Wretch! there stands he with such a Look, and such a Face, and such begging Eyes, there he stands, poor Pris'ner.

Cress. What a Deluge of Words do you pour out, Uncle, to say just nothing?

Pand. Nothing do you call it? is that nothing, do you call it nothing? why he looks for all the World, like one of your rascally Malefactors, just thrown off the Gibbet, with his Cap down, his Arms ty'd down, his Feet sprunting, his Body swinging. Nothing do you call it? this is nothing with a Vengeance.

Cress. Or, what think you of a hurt Bird, that flutters about with a broken Wing?

Pand. Why go to then, he cannot fly away then, then, that's certain, that's undoubted: there he lies to be taken up: but if you had seen him, when I said to him, Take a good Heart, Man, and follow me; and fear no Colours, and speak your Mind, Man: she can never stand you: she will fall, and 'twere a Leaf in Autumn.

Cress. Did you tell him all this without my Consent?

Pand. Why you did consent, your Eyes consented; they blabb'd, they leer'd, their very Corners blabb'd. But you'll say your Tongue said nothing. No I warrant it: your Tongue was wiser; your Tongue was better bred: your Tongue kept its own Counsel: Nay, I'll say that for you, your Tongue said nothing, Well, such a shame-fac'd Couple did I never see Days o'my Life: so afraid of one another; such ado to bring you to the Business: well if this Job were well over, if ever I lose my Pains again with an awkward Couple, let me be painted in the Sign-post for the *Labour in vain*: fy upon't, fy upon't; there's no Conscience in't: all honest People will cry Shame on't,

C 5

Cress.

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Cress. Where is this Monster to be shown? what's to be given for a Sight of him?

Pand. Why ready Money, ready Money; you carry it about you: give and take is Square-dealing; for in my Conscience he's as errant a Maid as you are: I was fain to use Violence to him, to pull him hither: and he pull'd and I pull'd: for you must know he's absolutely the strongest Youth in *Troy*: t'other Day he took *Helen* in one Hand, and *Paris* in t'other, and danc'd 'em at one another at Arms-end, and 'twere two Moppets: there was a Back, there were Bone and Sinews: there was a Back for you.

Cress. For these good procuring Offices you'll be damn'd one Day, Uncle.

Pand. Who, I damn'd? Faith I doubt I shall: by my Troth I think I shall; nay if a Man be damn'd for doing Good, as thou say'st, it may go hard with me.

Cress. Then I'll not see Prince *Troilus*, I'll not be accessory to your Damnation.

Pand. How, not see Prince *Troilus*? why I have engag'd, I have promis'd, I have past my Word. I care not for damning, let me alone for damning; I value not damning in Comparison with my Word. If I am damn'd it shall be a good damning to thee, Girl, thou shalt be my Heir, come 'tis a virtuous Girl, thou shalt help me to keep my Word, thou shalt see Prince *Troilus*.

Cress. The Venture's great.

Pand. No Venture in the World, thy Mother ventur'd it for thee, and thou shall venture it for my little Cousin that must be.

Cress. Weigh but my Fears, Prince *Troilus* is young. —

Pand. Marry is he, there's no Fear in that I hope, the Fear were if he were old and feeble.

Cress. And I a Woman.

Pand. No Fear yet, thou art a Woman, and he's a Man, put them two together, put 'em together.

Cress. And if I should be frail —

Pand. There's all my Fear that thou art not frail: thou should'st be frail, all Flesh is frail.

Cress. Are you my Uncle, and can give this Counsel to your own Brother's Daughter?

Pand.

Pand. If thou wert my own Daughter a thousand Times over, I cou'd do no better for thee; what would'st thou have Girl? he's a Prince, and a young Prince, and a loving young Prince! an Uncle do'st thou call me? by *Cupid* I am a Father to thee; get thee in, get thee in Girl, I hear him coming. And do you hear Niece! I give you leave [Exit Cressida.
to deny a little, 'twill be decent: but take Heed of Obstinacy, that's a Vice; no Obstinacy, my dear Niece.

Enter Troilus.

Troil. Now *Pandarus*.

Pand. Now, my sweet Prince! have you seen my Niece? no, I know you have not.

Troil. No *Pandarus*; I stalk about your Doors Like a strange Soul upon the *Stygian* Banks, Staying for Waftage: O be thou my *Charon*, And give me a swift Transportance to *Elysium*, And fly with me to *Cressida*.

Pand. Walk here a Moment more: I'll bring her strait.

Troil. I fear she will not come: most sure she will not.

Pand. How not come, and I her Uncle! why I tell you Prince, she twitters at you. Ah poor sweet Rogue, ah little Rogue, now does she think, and think, and think again of what must be betwixt you two. Oh sweet, —oh sweet—O—what not come, and I her Uncle?

Troil. Still thou flatter'st me; but pr'ythee flatter still; for I wou'd hope; I wou'd not wake out of my pleasing Dream: oh Hope how sweet thou art! but to hope always, and have no Effect of what we hope!

Pand. Oh faint Heart, faint Heart! well there's much good Matter in these old Proverbs! No, she'll not come I warrant her; she has no Blood of mine in her, not so much as will fill a Flea: But if she does not come, and come, and come with a Swing into your Arms, I say no more, but she has renounc'd all Grace, and there's an End.

Troil. I will believe thee: go then, but be sure.

Pand. No, you wou'd not have me go; you are indifferent: shall I go, say you? speak the Word then: —yet I care not: you may stand in your own Light; and lose a sweet young Lady's Heart: well, I shall not go then!

Troil.

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Troil. Fly, fly, thou tortur'st me.

Pand. Do I so, do I so? do I torture you indeed? well, I will go.

Troil. But yet thou do'st not go.

Pand. I go immediately, directly, in a twinkling, with a Thought, yet you think a Man never does enough for you: I have been labouring in your Business like any Moyle. I was with Prince *Paris* this Morning, to make your Excuse at Night for not supping at Court: and I found him. Faith how do you think I found him? it does my Heart good to think how I found him: yet you think a Man never does enough for you.

Troil. Will you go then, what's this to *Cressida*?

Pand. Why you will not hear a Man; what's this to *Cressida*? Why I found him abed, abed with *Helena*, by my Troth: 'Tis a sweet Queen, a sweet Queen; a very sweet Queen, — but she's nothing to my Cousin *Cressida*; she's a Blowse, a Gipsy, a Tawney-moor to my Cousin *Cressida*: And she lay with one white Arm underneath the Whorson's Neck: Oh such a white, Lilly-white, round, plump Arm as it was — and you must know it was stript up to th' Elbows: and she did so kiss him, and so huggle him: — as who should say —

Troil. But still thou stay'st: What's this to *Cressida*?

Pand. Why I made your Excuse to your Brother *Paris*; that I think's to *Cressida*; but such an Arm, such a Hand, such taper Fingers! t'other Hand was under the Bed-cloaths, that I saw not, I confess, that Hand I saw not.

Troil. Again thou tortur'st me.

Pand. Nay I was tortur'd too; old as I am, I was tortur'd too: but for all that, I cou'd make a Shift, to make him, to make your Excuse, to make your Father; — by *Jove* when I think of that Hand, I am so ravish'd, that I know what I say: I was tortur'd too.

[*Troilus turns away discontented.*]

Well, I go, I go: I fetch her, I bring her, I conduct her; not come quoth a, and I her Uncle! [Exit *Pan.*]

Troil. I'm giddy; Expectation whirls me round:
Th' imaginary Relish is so sweet,
That it enchants my Sense; what will it be

When

When I shall taste that Nectar?
It must be either Death, or Joy too fine
For the Capacity of humane Powers.
I fear it much: and I do fear beside,
That I shall lose Distinction in my Joys:
As does a Battle when they charge on Heaps
A flying Enemy.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pand. She's making her ready: she'll come strait, you
must be witty now; she does so blush, and fetches her
Breath so short, as if she were frightened with a Spright;
'tis the prettiest Villain, she fetches her Breath so short,
as 'twere a new-ta'en Sparrow.

Troil. Just such a Passion does heave up my Breast!
My Heart beats thicker than a feverish Pulse:
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
Just like a Slave at unawares encountering
The Eye of Majesty: ——— Lead on, I'll follow.
[*Exeunt together.*]

SCENE III. *The Camp.*

Nestor, Ulysses.

Ulys. I have conceiv'd an Embryo in my Brain:
Be you my Time to bring it to some Shape.

Nest. What is't, *Ulysses*?

Ulys. The seeded Pride,
That has to this Maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,
Or shedding, breed a Nursery of like Ill,
To overtop us all.

Nest. That's my Opinion.

Ulys. This Challenge which *Aeneas* brings from *Hector*,
However it be spread in general Terms,
Relates in Purpose only to *Achilles*.

And will it wake him to the Answer, think you?

Nest. It ought to do: whom can we else oppose,
Who cou'd from *Hector* bring his Honour off,
If not *Achilles*? the Success of this,
Although particular, will give an Omen
Of Good or Bad, ev'n to the general Cause.

Ulys.

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Ulys. Pardon me, *Nestor*, if I contradict you:
Therefore 'tis fit *Achilles* meet not *Hector*.
Let us like Merchants show our coarsest Wares,
And think perchance they'll sell: but if they do not,
The Lustre of our better yet unshown
Will show the better; let us not consent
Our greatest Warrior shou'd be match'd with *Hector*.
For both our Honour and our Shame in this
Shall be attended with strange Followers.

Nest. I see 'em not with my old Eyes; what are they?

Ulys. What Glory our *Achilles* gains from *Hector*,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent:
And we had better parch in *Africk* Sun,
Than in his Pride, shou'd he 'scape *Hector* fair.
But grant he shou'd be foil'd,
Why then our common Reputation suffers
In that of our best Man: No, make a Lottery;
And by Device let blockish *Ajax* draw
The Chance to fight with *Hector*: among our selves
Give him Allowance as the braver Man;
For that will physick the great *Myrmidon*,
Who swells with loud Applause; and make him fall
His Crest, if brainless *Ajax* come safe off.
If not, we yet preserve a fair Opinion,
That we have better Men.

Nest. Now I begin to relish thy Advice::
Come let us go to *Agamemnon* strait,
T'inform him of our Project.

Ulys. 'Tis not ripe.
The skilful Surgeon will not lance a Sore,
Till Nature has digested and prepar'd
The growing Humours to his healing Purpose;
Else must he often grieve the Patient's Sense;
When one Incision once well-tim'd wou'd serve:
Are not *Achilles* and dull *Ajax* Friends?

Nest. As much as Fools can be.

Ulys. That Knot of Friendship first must be unt'y'd,
Ere we can reach our Ends; for while they love each
other,
Both hating us, will draw too strong a Byass,

And

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And all the Camp will lean that Way they draw :
For brutal Courage is the Soldier's Idol :

So, if one prove contemptuous, back'd by t'other,
'Twill give the Law to cool and sober Sense,
And place the Power of War in Mad-men's Hands.

Nest. Now I conceive you ; were they once divided,
And one of them made ours, that one would check
The other's tow'ring Growth : and keep both low,
As Instruments, and not as Lords of War.
And this must be by secret Coals of Envy,
Blown in their Breast : Comparisons of Worth ;
Great Actions weigh'd of each : and each the best,
As we shall give him Voice.

Ulys. Here comes *Thersites*,

Enter Thersites.

Who feeds on *Ajax* : yet loves him not, because he can-
But as a *Species*, differing from Mankind, [not love.
Hates all he sees ; and rails at all he knows ;
But hates them most, from whom he most receives,
Disdaining that his Lot shou'd be so low,
That he shou'd want the Kindness which he takes.

Nest. There's none so fit an Engine : Save ye, *Thersites*.

Ulys. Hail noble *Grecian*, thou Relief of Toils,
Soul of our Mirth, and Joy of fullen War,
In whose Converse our Winter-nights are short,
And Summer-days not tedious.

Thers. Hang you both.

Nest. How, hang us both !

Thers. But hang thee first, thou very reverend Fool !
Thou sapless Oak, that liv'st by wanting Thought.
And now in thy three hundredth Year repin'st
Thou should'st be fell'd : Hanging's a Civil Death,
The Death of Men : thou can'st not hang : thy Trunk
Is only fit for Gallows to hang others.

Nest. A fine Greeting.

Thers. A fine old Dotard, to repine at Hanging
At such an Age ! what saw the Gods in thee,
That a Cock-Sparrow shou'd but live three Years,
And thou should'st last three Ages ! he's thy Better ;
He uses Life : he treads himself to Death.

Thou

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Thou hast forgot thy Use some Hundred Years.

Thou Stump of Man, thou worn-out Broom : thou Lumber.

Nest. I'll hear no more of him, his Poyson works;
What, curse me for my Age!

Ulys. Hold, you mistake him, *Nestor*; 'tis his Custom:
What Malice is there in a mirthful Scene?

'Tis but a keen-edg'd Sword, spread o'er with Balm,
To heal the Wound it makes.

Thers. Thou beg'st a Curse!
May'st thou quit Scores then, and be hang'd on *Nestor*,
Who hangs on thee: thou lead'st him by the Nose:
Thou play'st him like a Puppet: speak'st within him;
And when thou hast contriv'd some dark Design
To lose a thousand *Greeks*, make Dogs-meat of us,
Thou lay'st thy Cuckow's Egg within his Nest:
And mak'st him hatch it: teachest his Remembrance
To lye; and say, the like of it was practis'd
Two Hundred Years ago; thou bring'st the Brain,
And he brings only Beard to vouch thy Plots.

Nest. I'm no Man's Fool.

Thers. Then be thy own, that's worse.

Nest. He'll rail all Day.

Ulys. Then we shall learn all Day.

Who forms the Body to a graceful Carriage,
Must imitate our aukward Motions first;
The same Prescription does the wise *Thersites*
Apply to mend our Minds. The same he uses
To *Ajax*, to *Achilles*; to the rest;

His Satyrs are the Physick of the Camp. [Hemlock:

Thers. Wou'd they were Poyson to 't, Rats-bane and
Nothing else can mend you; and those two brawny Fools.

Ulys. He hits 'em right:
Are they not such, my *Nestor*?

Thers. Dolt-heads, Asses,
And Beasts of Burthen; *Ajax* and *Achilles*!
The Pillars, no, the Porters of the War.
Hard-headed Rogues! Engines, meer wooden Engines,
Push'd on to do your Work.

Nest. They are indeed.

Thers. But what a Rogue art thou

To

To say they are indeed ! Heav'n made 'em Horses,
And thou put'st on their Harness : rid'st and spur'st 'em :
Usurp'st upon Heav'n's Fools, and mak'st 'em thine.

Nest. No : they are headstrong Fools, to be corrected
By none but by *Thersites* : thou alone
Can'st tame, and train 'em to their proper Use ;
And doing this may'st claim a just Reward
From Greece, and Royal *Agamemnon*'s Hands.

Thers. Ay, when you need a Man, you talk of giving ;
For Wit's a dear Commodity among you :
But when you do not want him, then stale Porridge,
A starv'd Dog wou'd not lap ; and furrow Water,
Is all the Wine we taste ; give Drabs and Pimps :
I'll have no Gifts with Hooks at End of 'em.

Ulys. Is this a Man, O *Nestor*, to be bought !
Ajax's not Price enough ! bid the World for him.
And shall this Man, this *Hermes*, this *Apollo*,
Sit lagg of *Ajax* Table, almost Minstrel,
And with his Presence grace a brainless Feast ?
Why they con Sense from him, grow Wits by Rote,
And yet, by ill repeating, libel him ;
Making his Wit their Nonsense : nay they scorn him ;
Call him bought Railer, mercenary Tongue !
Play him for Sport at Meals, and kick him off.

Thers. Yes they can kick ; my Buttocks feel they can :
They have their Asses tricks : but I'll eat Pebbles,
I'll starve ; 'tis brave to starve, 'tis like a Soldier ;
Before I'll feed those Wit-starv'd Rogues with Sense.
They shall eat dry, and choak for want of Wit,
Ere they be moisten'd with one Drop of mine.
Ajax and *Achilles*, two Mud-walls of Fool,
That only differ in Degrees of Thicknes.

Ulys. I'd be reveng'd of both : when Wine fumes high,
Set 'em to prate, to boast their brutal Strength,
To vye their stupid Courage, till they quarrel,
And play at Hard-head with their empty Skulls.

Thers. Yes ; they shall butt and kick ; and all the while
I'll think they kick for me : they shall fell Timber
On both Sides ; and then Log-wood will be cheap.

Nest. And *Agamemnon*——

Ther

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Thers. Pox of Agamemnon;
Cannot I do a Mischief for my self
But he must thank me for't?

Ulys. to Nest. Away; our Work is done. [Ex. *Ulys.* Nest.

Thers. This Agamemnon is a King of Clouts:
A Chip in Porridge.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Thersites!*

Thers. Set up to frighten Daws from Cherry-trees.

Ajax. Dog!

Thers. A Standard to march under!

Ajax. Thou Bitch-Wolf! can't thou not hear? feel
then. [Strikes him.

Thers. The Plague of Greece, and Helen's Pox light
on thee,

Thou mongrel Mastiff; thou Beef-witted Lord.

Ajax. Speak then, thou mouldy Leaven of the Camp,
Speak, or I'll beat thee into Handsomeness.

Thers. I shall sooner rail thee into Wit: thou can't kick,
can't thou? A red Murrain on thy Jades Tricks!

Ajax. Tell me the Proclamation.

Thers. Thou art proclaim'd a Fool, I think.

Ajax. You whorion Cur, take that. [Strikes him.

Thers. Thou scurvy valiant Ass.

Ajax. Thou Slave.

Thers. Thou Lord! ——— I, do, do, ——— wou'd my
Buttocks were Iron for thy Sake.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now Ajax! wherefore do you this?
How now *Thersites*, what's the Matter, Man?

Thers. I say this Ajax wears his Wit in's Belly, and
his Guts in's Brains.

Achil. Peace Fool.

Thers. I wou'd have Peace; but the Fool will not.

Patro. But what's the Quarrel?

Ajax. I bad him tell me the Proclamation, and he
rails upon me.

Thers. I serve thee not.

Ajax. I shall cut out your Tongue!

Thers. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much Sense as
thou

thou afterwards: Ill see you hang'd ere I come any more to your Tent: I'll keep where there's Wit stirring, and leave the Faction of Fools ——— [Going.]

Achil. Nay, thou shalt not go *Thersites*, 'till we have squeez'd the Venom out of thee: pr'ythee inform us of this Proclamation.

Thersf. Why you empty Fuz-balls, your Heads are full of nothing else but Proclamations.

Ajax. Tell us the News, I say.

Thersf. You say! why you never said any thing in all your Life!

But since you will know, 'tis proclaim'd thro' the Army, that *Hector* is to cudgel you to-morrow.

Achil. How cudgel him, *Thersites*!

Thersf. Nay, you may take a Child's Part on't if you have so much Courage, for *Hector* has challeng'd the toughest of the *Greeks*: and 'tis in Dispute which of your two Heads is the soundest Timber.

A knotty Piece of Work he'll have betwixt your Noddles!

Achil. If *Hector* be to fight with any *Greek*, He knows his Man.

Ajax. Yes; he may know his Man, without Art Magick.

Thersf. So he had Need: for to my certain Knowledge, neither of you two are Conjurers to inform him.

Achil. to *Ajax*. You do not mean your self, sure.

Ajax. I mean nothing.

Thersf. Thou mean'st so always.

Achil. Umh! mean nothing!

Thersf. [aside.] *Jove*, if it be thy Will, let these two Fools quarrel about nothing: 'tis a Cause that's worthy of 'em.

Ajax. You said he knew his Man: is there but one? One Man amongst the *Greeks*!

Achil. Since you will have it, But one to fight with *Hector*.

Ajax. Then I am he.

Achil. Weak *Ajax*.

Ajax. Weak *Achilles*.

Thersf. Weak indeed: God help you both!

Patro. Come, this must be no Quarrel.

Thersf.

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Thers. Where's no Cause for't.

Patro. He tells you true, you are both equal.

Thers. Fools.

Achil. I can brook no Comparisons.

Ajax. Nor I.

Achil. Well *Ajax*.

Ajax. Well *Achilles*.

Thers. So now they quarrel in *Monosyllables*: A Word and a Blow, an't be thy Will.

Achil. You may hear more.

Ajax. I wou'd.

Achil. Expect.

Ajax. Farewel.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Thers. Curse on them, they want Wine; your true Fool will never fight without it. Or a Drab, a Drab: Oh for a commodious Drab betwixt 'em! wou'd *Helen* had been here! then it had come to something.

Dogs, Lyons, Bulls, for Females tear and gore:

And the Beast Man, is valiant for his Whore.

[*Exit Therfites.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Therfites.

Thers. SHALL the Idiot *Ajax* use me thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy Satisfaction! wou'd I cou'd but beat him, and he rail'd at me! Then there's *Achilles*, a rare Engineer: if *Troy* be not taken 'till these two undermine it, the Walls will stand 'till they fall of themselves: Now the Plague on the whole Camp, or rather the Pox: for that's a Curse dependent on those that fight as we do for a Cuckold's Queen.——
What ho, my Lord *Achilles*.

Enter Patroclus.

Patro. Who's there, *Thersites*? Good *Thersites* come in and rail,

Thers.

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Thers. [*Aside.*] If I cou'd have remember'd an Afs with gilt Trappings, thou had'st not slipp'd out of my Contemplation. But 'tis no Matter: thy self upon thy self: the common Curse of Mankind, Folly and Ignorance be thine in great abundance: Heavens blefs thee from a Tutor; and Discipline come not near thee. I have said my Prayers; and the Devil Envy say Amen. Where's *Achilles*?

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there, *Thersites*? why my Digestion; why hast thou not serv'd thy self to my Table, so many Meals? come begin, what's *Agamemnon*?

Thers. Thy Commander, *Achilles*: then tell me *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*?

Patro. Thy Benefactor, *Thersites*; then tell me pr'ythee what's thy self?

Thers. Thy Knower, *Patroclus*; then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patro. Thou may'st tell that know'st.

Achil. O, tell, tell. This must be very foolish: and I die to have my Spleen tickled.

Thers. I'll decline the whole Question. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*: *Achilles* is my Benefactor: I am *Patroclus*'s Knower: and *Patroclus* is a Fool.

Patro. You Rascal!

Achil. He's a priviledg'd Man; proceed *Thersites*. Ha! ha! ha! pr'ythee proceed while I am in the Vein of laughing.

Thers. And all these foresaid Men are Fools. *Agamemnon*'s a Fool to offer to command *Achilles*: *Achilles* is a Fool to be commanded by him; I am a Fool to serve such a Fool, and *Patroclus* is a Fool positive.

Patro. Why am I a Fool?

Thers. Make that Demand to Heaven, it suffices me thou art one.

Achil. Ha, ha, ha! O give me Ribbs of Steel, or I shall split with Pleasure: now play me *Nestor* at a Night Alarm: Mimick him rarely, make him cough and spit, and fumble with his Gorget, and shake the Rivets with his palsy Hand; in and out, in and out, gad that's exceeding foolish.

Patro.

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Patro. *Nestor* shall not 'scape so, he has told us what we are; come what's *Nestor*?

Thers. Why he's an old wooden Top, set up by Father Time three Hundred Years ago, that hums to *Agamemnon* and *Ulysses*, and sleeps to all the World besides.

Achil. So let him sleep, for I'll no more of him: O my *Patroclus*, I but force a Smile, *Ajax* has drawn the Lot, and all the Praise of *Hector* must be his.

Thers. I hope to see his Praise upon his Shoulders, in Blows and Bruises, his Arms, Thighs, and Body all full of Fame; such Fame as he gave me; and a wide Hole at last full in his Bosom, to let in Day upon him, and discover the Inside of a Fool.

Patro. How he struts in Expectation of Honour! he knows not what he does.

Thers. Nay that's no Wonder, for he never did.

Achil. Pr'ythee say how he behaves himself?

Thers. O you would be learning to practise, against such another Time. — Why he tosses up his Head as he had built Castles i'th' Air; and he treads upward to 'em, stalks into th' Element, he surveys himself, as 'twere to look for *Ajax*: he wou'd be cry'd, for he has lost himself, nay he knows no Body; I said, Good Morrow *Ajax*, and he replied Thanks *Agamemnon*.

Achil. Thou shalt be my Ambassador to him, *Thersites*.

Thers. No, I'll put on his Person, let *Patroclus* make his Demands to me, and you shall see the Pageant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him *Patroclus*, tell him I humbly desire the Valiant *Ajax* to invite the Noble *Hector* to my Tent: and to procure safe Conduct for him from our Captain General *Agamemnon*.

Patro. *Jove* bless the mighty *Ajax*!

Thers. Humh!

Patro. I come from the great *Achilles*.

Thers. Ha!

Patro. Who most humbly desires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

Thers. Humh!

Patro. And to procure him safe Conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Thers.

Thers. Agamemnon?

Patro. Ay, my Lord.

Thers. Ha!

Patro. What say you to't?

Thers. Farewel with all my Heart.

Patro. Your Answer, Sir!

Thers. If to-morrow be a fair Day, by eleven a-Clock it will go one Way or t'other, however he shall buy me dearly: fare you well with all my Heart.

Achil. Why but he is not in this Tune, is he?

Thers. No, but he's thus out of Tune; what Musick will be in him when *Hector* has knock'd out his Brains, I know not, nor I care not: but if Emptiness makes Noise, his Head will make Melody.

Achil. My Mind is troubl'd like a Fountain stirr'd: And I my self see not the Bottom on't.

Thers. Wou'd the Fountain of his Mind were clear; that he might see an *Ass* in't. [*aside.*] I had rather be a Tick in a Sheep, than such a valiant Ignorance.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Diomedes, and Menelaus.

Patro. Look who comes here.

Achil. *Patroclus*, I'll speak with no Body; come in after me, *Thersites*. [*Ex. Achilles, Thersites.*]

Agam. Where's *Achilles*?

Patro. Within, but ill dispos'd, my Lord.

Men. We saw him at the opening of his Tent.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.

Patro. I shall say so to him. [*Exit Patroclus.*]

Diom. I know he is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, Lyon-sick, sick of a proud Heart, you may call it Melancholy if you'll humour him: but on any Honour 'tis no more than Pride: and why shou'd he be proud?

Men. Here comes *Patroclus*; but no *Achilles* with him.

Enter Patroclus.

Patro. *Achilles* bids me tell you, he is sorry if any thing more than your Sport and Pleasure Did move you to this Visit: he's not well, And begs you wou'd excuse him, as unfit for present Business.

Agam.

Agam. How ! how's this, *Patroclus* ?
 We are too well acquainted with these Answers.
 Though he has much Desert, yet all his Virtues
 Do in our Eyes begin to lose their Gloss.
 We came to speak with him ; you shall not err,
 If you return, we think him over-proud
 And under-honest. Tell him this ; and add,
 That if he over-hold his Price so much,
 We'll none of him : but let him like an Engine
 Not portable, lie lagg of all the Camp.
 A stirring Dwarf is of more Use to us
 Than is a sleeping Giant : tell him so.

Patro. I shall ; and bring his Answer presently.

Agam. I'll not be satisfy'd but by himself.
 So tell him, *Menelaus*. [*Ex. Menelaus, and Patroclus.*]

Ajax. What's he more than another ?

Agam. No more than what he thinks himself.

Ajax. Is he so much ? do you not think he thinks
 himself a better Man than me ?

Diom. No doubt he does.

Ajax. Do you think so ?

Agam. No, noble *Ajax* ; you are as strong, as valiant ;
 but much more courteous.

Ajax. Why shou'd a Man be proud ? I know not what
 Pride is : I hate a proud Man, as I hate the ingendring
 of Toads.

Diom. [*aside.*] 'Tis strange he should ; and love him-
 self so well.

Re-enter Menelaus.

Men. *Achilles* will not to the Field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his Excuse ?

Men. Why he relies on none
 But his own Will ; posselt he is with Vanity :
 What shou'd I say ? he is so plaguy proud,
 That the Death-Tokens of it are upon him ;
 And bode there's no Recovery

Enter Ulysses, and Nestor.

Agam. Let *Ajax* go to him.

Ulys. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be so.
 We'll consecrate the Steps that *Ajax* makes,

What VOL.

When they go from *Achilles* : shall that proud Man
Be worship'd by a greater than himself,

One whom we hold our Idol ;

Shall *Ajax* go to him ? No, *Jove* forbid,

And say in Thunder, go to him, *Achilles*.

Nest. [*Aside.*] O, this is well ; he rubs him where it
itches.

Ajax. If I go to him with my Gauntlet clench'd,
I'll pass him o'er the Face.

Agam. O no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll cure his Pride :
a paltry insolent Fellow !

Nest. How he describes himself !

Ulys. [*Aside.*] The Crow chides Blackness — here is a
Man, but 'tis before his Face, and therefore I am silent.

Nest. Wherefore are you ? He is not envious as *Achilles*

Ulys. Know all the World he is as valiant. [is.

Ajax. A whorson Dog that shall palter thus with us !
wou'd a were a *Trojan*. [ture,

Ulys. Thank Heav'n, my Lord, you're of a gentle Na-
Praise him that got you, her that brought you forth ;

But he who taught you first the Use of Arms,

Let *Mars* divide Eternity in two,

And give him half. I will not praise your Wisdom,

Nestor shall do't ; but Pardon Father *Nestor*,

Were you as green as *Ajax*, and your Brain

Temper'd like his, you never shou'd excel him ;

But be as *Ajax* is.

Ajax. Shall I call you Father ?

Ulys. Ay, my good Son.

Diom. Be rul'd by him, Lord *Ajax*.

Ulys. There is no staying here ; the Hart *Achilles*

Keeps Thicket ; please it our great General,

I shall impart a Counsel, which observ'd

May cure the Madman's Pride.

Agam. In my own Tent our Talk will be more pri-

Ulys. But nothing without *Ajax* : [vate.

He is the Soul and Substance of my Counsels,

And I am but his Shadow.

Ajax. You shall see

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I am not like *Achilles*.

Let us confer, and I'll give Counsel too. [*Exeunt omnes*]

SCENE II.

Enter Pandarus, Troilus, and Cressida.

Pand. Come, come, what need you blush? Shame's a Baby, swear the Oaths now to her, that you swore to me; what, are you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you are made tame, must you? why don't you speak to her first? — Come draw this Curtain, and let's see your Picture: alas-a-day, how loth you are to offend Day-light! — [*they kiss.*] That's well, that's well, nay you shall fight your Hearts out ere I part you. — so — so — so —

Troil. You have bereft me of all Words, fair *Cressida*.

Pand. Words pay no Debts: give her Deeds: — what Billing again! here's in Witness whereof the Parties interchangeably — come in, come in, you lose time both.

Troil. O *Cressida*, how often have I wish'd me here!

Cress. Wish'd, my Lord! — the Gods grant! O my Lord. —

Troil. What shou'd they grant? what makes this pretty Interruption in thy Words?

Cress. I speak I know not what!

Troil. Speak ever so; and if I answer you I know not what! it shews the more of Love. Love is a Child that talks in broken Language, Yet then he speaks most plain.

Cress. I find it true, that to be wise and love Are inconsistent things.

Pand. What, Blushing still, have you not done talking yet?

Cress. Well Uncle, what Folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pand. I thank you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my Lord, if he flinch I'll be hang'd for him — (Now am I in my Kingdom!) [*A side.*
Troil.

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Troil. You know your Pledges now, your Unkle's Word and my firm Faith.

Pand. Nay I'll give my Word for her too: our Kindred are constant: they are Burrs I can assure you, they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cress. Boldness comes to me now, and I can speak: Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you long.

Troil. Why was my *Cressida* then so hard to win?

Cress. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my Lord. What have I blabb'd? who will be true to us, When we are so unfaithful to our selves! O bid me hold my Tongue; for in this Rapture Sure I shall speak what I shou'd soon repent. But stop my Mouth.

Troil. A sweet Command; and willingly obey'd. [*Kisses.*]

Pand. Pretty i'faith!

Cress. y Lord, I do beseech you pardon me, 'Twas not my Purpose thus to beg a Kifs. I am asham'd: O Heavens, what have I done! For this Time let me take my Leave, my Lord.

Pand. Leave! and you take Leave 'till to-morrow morning, call me Cut.

Cress. Pray let me go.

Troil. Why what offends you, Madam?

Cress. My own Company.

Troil. You cannot shun your self.

Cress. Let me go try: I have a Kind of Self resides in you.

Troil. Oh that I thought Truth cou'd be in a Woman! (As if it can, I will presume in you)

That my Integrity and Faith might meet The same Return from her who has my Heart.

How shou'd I be exalted! but alas I am more plain than dull Simplicity! And artless, as the Infancy of Truth.

Cress. In that I must not yield to you, my Lord.

Troil. All constant Lovers shall, in future Ages, Approve their Truth by *Troilus*: when their Verse Wants *Similes*, as Turtles to their Mates: Or true as flowing Tides are to the Moon;

Earth to the Center: Iron to Adamant:
At last when Truth is tir'd with Repetition;
As true as *Troilus* shall crown up the Verse,
And sanctify the Numbers.

Cress. Prophet may you be!
If I am false, or swerve from Truth of Love,
When Time is old, and has forgot it self
In all Things else, let it remember me;
And after all Comparisons of Falshood
To stab the Heart of Perjury in Maids;
Let it be said, as false as *Cressida*.

Pand. Go to, little ones: a Bargain made: here I hold
your Hand, and here my Cousin's: if ever you prove
false to one another, after I have taken such Pains to
bring you together; let all pitiful Goers-between, be
called to the World's End after my Name, *Pandars*.

Cress. And will you promise that the holy Priest
Shall make us one for ever?

Pand. Priests! marry hang 'em! they make you
one! go in, go in, and make your selves one without a
Priest: I'll have no Priest's Work in my House.

Cress. I'll not consent, unless you swear.

Pand. Ay, do, do, swear; a pretty Woman's worth an
Oath at any time. Keep or break, as time shall try; but
'tis good to swear, for the saving of her Credit: Hang
'em sweet Rogues, they never expect a Man shou'd keep
it. Let him but swear, and that's all they care for.

Troil. Heavens prosper me, as I devoutly swear
Never to be but yours.

Pand. Whereupon I will lead you into a Chamber:
and suppose there be a Bed in't; as I sack, I know not:
but you'll forgive me, if there be: away, away, you
naughty Hildings: get you together, get you together.
Ah you Wags, do you lear indeed at one another! do
the Neyes twinkle at him! get you together, get you
together.

[Leads them out.]

Enter at one Door *Aeneas* with a Torch, at another
Hector and *Diomedes* with Torches.

Hect. So ho, who goes there? *Aeneas*!

Æn. Prince *Hector*!

Diomedes

Diom. Good-morrow Lord *Aeneas*.

Heñ. A valiant Greek, *Aeneas*; take his Hand;
Witness the Proceſs of your Speech within;
You told how *Diomede* a whole Week by Days
Did haunt you in the Field.

Æn. Health to you, valiant Sir,
During all Buſineſs of the gentle Truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black Deſiance
As Heart can think, or Courage execute.

Diom. Both one and t'other *Diomede* embraces.
Our Bloods are now in calm; and ſo, long Health;
But when Contention, and Occaſion meet,
By *Jove* I'll play the Hunter for thy Life.

Æn. And thou ſhalt hunt a Lyon that will fly
With his Face backward: welcome *Diomede*,
Welcome to *Troy*: now by *Anchiſes*' Soul,
No Man alive can love in ſuch a Sort
The Thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Diom. We know each other well.

Æn. We do; and long to know each other worſe.
To *Heñ.*] My Lord, the King has ſent for me in Haſte:
Know you the Reaſon?

Heñ. Yes: his Purpoſe meets you.
It was to bring this Greek to *Calchas*' Houſe,
Where *Pandarus* his Brother, and his Daughter
Fair *Creſſida* reſide: and there to render
For our *Antenor*, now redeem'd from Priſon,
The Lady *Creſſida*.

Æn. What! Has the King reſolv'd to gratify
That Traytor *Calchas*; who forſook his Country,
And turn'd to them, by giving up this Pledge?

Heñ. The bitter Diſpoſition of the time
Is ſuch, though *Calchas*, as a Fugitive
Deſerve it not, that we muſt free *Antenor*,
On whoſe wiſe Counſels, we can moſt rely:
And therefore *Creſſida* muſt be return'd.

Æn. A Word my Lord — (Your Pardon *Diomede*)
Your Brother *Troilus* to my certain Knowledge,
Does lodge this Night in *Pandarus*'s Houſe.

Heñ. Go you before: tell him of our Approach,

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Which will I fear be much
Unwelcome to him,

Æn. I assure you,
Troilus had rather *Troy* were born to *Greece*,
Than *Cressida* from *Troy*.

Hect. I know it well: and how he is, beside,
Of hasty Blood:

Æn. He will not hear me speak:
But I have noted long betwixt you two
A more than Brother's Love: an awful Homage
The fiery Youth pays to your elder Virtue.

Hect. Leave it to me; I'll manage him alone:
Attend you *Diomede*. My Lord good-morrow:

[To *Diom.*

An urgent Business takes me from the Pleasure
Your Company affords me; but *Æneas*
With Joy will undertake to serve you here,
And to supply my Room

Æn. to Diom. My Lord, I wait you. [*Exeunt severally;
Diomede with Æneas, Hector at another Door.*

Enter Pandarus: a Servant: Musick.

Pand. Softly, Villain: softly; I would not for half
Troy the Lovers should be disturb'd under my Roof;
listen Rogue, listen, do they breathe?

Serv. Yes, Sir, I hear by some certain Signs, they are
both awaken.

Pand. That's as it shou'd be: that's well a both Sides.

[*Listens.*

Yes, 'faith they are both alive: — there was a Creak!
there was a Creak! they are both alive, and alive like;
there was a Creak! a ha Boys! — Is the Musick ready?

Serv. Shall they strike up, Sir?

Pand. Art thou sure they do not not know the Parties?

Serv. They play to the Man in the Moon for ought
they know.

Pand. To the Man in the Moon, ah Rogue! do they
so indeed Rogue! I understand thee: thou art a Wag;
thou art a Wag. Come towze rowze! in the Name of
Love, strike up Boys!

Musick

Musick, and then Song: during which Pandarus listens.

SONG. **C** *An Life be a Blessing,
Or worth tho possessing,
Can Life be a Blessing, if Love were away?
Ah no! though our Love all Night keep us waking,
And though he torment us with Cares all the Day,
Yet he sweetens, he sweetens our Pains in the taking,
There's an Hour at the last, there's an Hour to repay.*

II.

*In every possessing,
The ravishing Blessing,
In every possessing the Fruit of our Pain,
Poor Lovers forget long Ages of Anguish,
Whate'er they have suffer'd and done to obtain;
'Tis a Pleasure, a Pleasure to sigh and to languish,
When we hope, when we hope to be happy again.*

Pand. Put up, and vanish; they are coming out;
what a Ferrup, will you play when the Dance is done? I
say vanish. *[Exit Musick.]*

[Peeping.] Good i'faith! good i'faith! what, Hand in
Hand — a fair Quarrel, well ended! do, do, walk
him, walk him; a good Girl, a discreet Girl: I see
she'll make the most of him.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Troil. Farewel, my Life! leave me, and back to Bed:
Sleep seal those pretty Eyes;
And tye thy Senses in as soft a Band,
As Infants void of Thought.

Pand. shewing himself. How now, how now, how go
Matters! hear you Maid, hear you; where's my Cousin
Cressida?

Cress. Go hang your self, you naughty mocking Uncle:
You bring me to do ill, and then you jeer me!

Pand. What Ill have I brought you to do? say what if
you dare now! My Lord, have I brought her to do Ill?

D 4

Cress.

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Cress. Come, come, beshrew your Heart; you'll neither be good your self, nor suffer others.

Pand. Alas poor Wench; alas poor Devil; has not slept to-night? wou'd a'not (a naughty Man) let it sleep one twinkle! Ah Bugbear take him!

[*Knock within.*] *Cress.* Who's that at Door: good Unkle go and see:

My Lord, come you again into my Chamber?
You smile and mock as if I meant naughtily!

Troil. Indeed, indeed!

Cress. Come y'are deceiv'd; I think of no such thing.

[*Knock again.*] How earnestly they knock! pray come in: I would not for all *Troy*, you were seen here.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.*]

Pand. Who's there! what's the Matter!
Will you beat down the House there!

Enter Hector.

Hect. Good-morrow my Lord *Pandarus*: good morrow!

Pand. Who's there, Prince *Hector*! what News with you so early?

Hect. Is not my Brother *Troilus* here?

Pand. Here! what shou'd he do here?

Hect. Come, he is here my Lord, do not deny him:
It does import him much to speak with me.

Pand. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know,
I'll be sworn! For my own Part I came in late! —
what shou'd he do here?

Hect. Come, come, you do him Wrong ere y'are aware;
you'll be so true to him, that you'll be false to him:
you shall not know he's here; but yet go fetch him hither: — go.

[*Exit Pandarus.*]

Enter Troilus.

I bring you, Brother, most unwelcome News;
But since of Force you are to hear it told,
I thought a Friend and Brother best might tell it:
Therefore, before I speak, arm well your Mind,
And think y'are to be touch'd ev'n to the Quick;
That so, prepar'd for Ill, you may be less
Surpriz'd to hear the worst.

Troil. See *Hector*, what it is to be your Brother,

I stand prepar'd already.

Hec. Come, you are hot,
I know you *Troilus*, you are hot and fiery :
You kindle at a Wrong ; and catch it quick
As Stubble does the Flame.

Troil. 'Tis Heat of Blood,
And Rashness of my Youth ; I'll mend that Error :
Begin, and try my Temper.

Hec. Can you think
Of that one thing which most cou'd urge your Anger,
Drive you to Madness, plunge you in Despair,
And make you hate ev'n me ?

Troil. There can be nothing.
I love you, Brother, with that awful Love
I bear to Heav'n, and to superior Virtue :
And when I quit this Love, you must be that
Which *Hector* ne'er can be.

Hec. Remember well
What you have said : for when I claim your Promise,
I shall expect Performance.

Troil. I am taught :
I will not rage.

Hec. Nor grieve beyond a Man.

Troil. I wo' not be a Woman.

Hec. Do not, Brother :
And I will tell my News, in Terms so mild,
So tender, and so fearful to offend,
As Mothers use to sooth their froward Babes ;
Nay I will swear as you have sworn to me,
That if some Gust of Passion swell your Soul
To Words intemperate, I will bear with you.

Troil. What wou'd this Pomp of Preparation mean ?
Come you to bring me News of *Priam's* Death,
Or *Hecuba's* ?

Hec. The Gods forbid I shou'd :
But what I bring is nearer you, more close,
An Ill more yours.

Troil. There is but one that can be.

Hec. Perhaps 'tis that.

Troil. I'll not suspect my Fate
So far, I know I stand posselt of that.

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Hea. 'Tis well : consider at whose House I find you.

Troil. Ha !

Hea. Dees it start you ! I must wake you more :

Antenor is exchange'd.

Troil. For whom ?

Hea. Imagine.

Troil. It comes like Thunder grumbling in a Cloud ;
Before the dreadful Break : if here it fall,
The subtil Flame will lick up all my Blood,
And in a Moment turn my Heart to Ashes.

Hea. That *Cressida* for *Antenor* is exchange'd ;
Because I knew 'twas harsh, I wou'd not tell ;
Not all at once ; but by Degrees and Glimpses
I let it in, lest it might rush upon you,
And quite o'erpower your Soul : In this I think
I shou'd a Friend : your Part must follow next :
Which is, to curb your Choler, tame your Grief,
And bear it like a Man.

Troil. I think I do,
That I yet live to hear you : but no more :
Hope for no more : for shou'd some Goddess offer
To give her self and all her Heaven in Change,
I wou'd not part with *Cressida* : so return
This Answer as my last.

Hea. 'Twill not be taken :
Nor will I bear such News.

Troil. You bore me worse.

Hea. Worse for your self ; not for the general State ;
And all our common Safety, which depends
On free'd *Antenor's* Wisdom.

Troil. You wou'd say
That I'm the Man mark'd out to be unhappy ;
And made the publick Sacrifice for *Troy*.

Hea. I wou'd say so indeed : for can you find
A Fate more glorious than to be that Victim ?
If parting from a Mistress can procure
A Nation's Happiness, show me that Prince
Who dares to trust his Future Fame so far
To stand the Shock of Annals, blotted thus,
He sold his Country for a Woman's Love ?

Troil.

Troil. O, she's my Life, my Being, and my Soul !

Hec. Suppose she were, which yet I will not grant,
You ought to give her up.

Troil. For whom ?

Hec. The Publick.

Troil. And what are they ? that I shou'd give up her,
To make them happy ? let me tell you, Brother,
The Publick is the Lees of vulgar Slaves :
Slaves, with the Minds of Slaves : so born, so bred.
Yet such as these united in a Herd,
Are call'd the Publick : Millions of such Cyphers
Make up the publick Sum : an Eagle's Life
Is worth a World of Crows : are Princes made
For such as these, who, were one Soul extracted
From all their Beings, cou'd not raise a Man ? —

Hec. And what are we, but for such Men as these ?
'Tis Adoration, some say, makes a God :
And who shou'd pay it, where wou'd be their Altars,
Were no inferiour Creatures here on Earth ?
Ev'n those who serve, have their Expectances ;
Degrees of Happiness, which they must share,
Or they'll refuse to serve us.

Troil. Let 'em have it.
Let 'em eat, drink and sleep ; the only Use
They have of Life.

Hec. You take all these away,
Unless you give up *Cressida*.

Troil. Forbear ;
Let *Paris* give up *Helen* : she's the Cause,
And Root of all this Mischief.

Hec. Your own Suffrage
Condemns you there : you voted for her Stay.

Troil. If one must stay, the other sha'not go.

Hec. She sha'not ?

Troil. Once again, I say she shall not.

Hec. Our Father has decreed it otherwise.

Troil. No Matter.

Hec. How ! no Matter, *Troilus* ?
A King, a Father's Will !

Troil. When 'tis unjust.

Hec.

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Hec. Come, she shall go.

Troil. She shall? then I am dar'd.

Hec. If nothing else will do.

Troil. Answer me first;

And then I'll answer that: be sure I will;
Whose Hand seal'd this Exchange?

Hec. My Father's first;

Then all the Council's after.

Troil. Was yours there?

Hec. Mine was there too.

Troil. Then you're no more my Friend:
And for your Sake, now mark me what I say,
She shall not go.

Hec. Go to, you are a Boy.

Troil. A Boy! I'm glad I am not such a Man,
Not such as thou; a Traytor to thy Brother:
Nay more, thy Friend: but Friend's a sacred Name,
Which none but brave and honest Men shou'd wear:
In thee 'tis vile; 'tis prostitute: 'tis Air;
And thus I puff it from me.

Hec. Well, young Man,
Since I'm no Friend (and oh that e'er I was
To one so far unworthy) bring her out,
Or by our Father's Soul, of which no Part
Did e'er descend to thee, I'll force her hence.

Troil. I laugh at thee.

Hec. Thou dar'st not.

Troil. I dare more,
If urg'd beyond my Temper: prove my Daring,
And see which of us has the larger Share
Of our great Father's Soul.

Hec. No more, thou know'st me.

Troil. I do; and know my self.

Hec. All this ye Gods,
And for the Daughter of a Fugitive,
A Traytor to his Country!

Troil. 'Tis too much.

Hec. By Heav'n too little; for I think her common.

Troil. How, Common!

Hec. Common as the tainted Shambles,

Or

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Or as the Dust we tread.

Troil. By Heaven, as chaste as thy *Andromache*.

[*Hector lays his Hand on Troilus's Arm, and Troilus does the same to him.*]

Hect. What! nam'st thou them together!

Troil. No: I do not:

Fair *Cressida* is first: as chaste as she,
But much more fair.

Hect. O Patience, Patience, Heaven!

Thou tempt'st me strangely: shou'd I kill thee now,
I know not if the Gods can be offended,
Or think I slew a Brother; but be gone,
Be gone, or I shall shake thee into Atoms:
Thou know'st I can.

Troil. I care not if you cou'd.

[Mind

Hect. [*walking off.*] I thank the Gods for calling to my
My Promise, that no Words of thine shou'd urge me,
Beyond the Bounds of Reason: But in thee
'Twas brutal Baseness, so forewarn'd to fall
Beneath the Name of Man: to spurn my Kindness;
And when I offer'd thee (thou know'st how loth!)
The wholesome bitter Cup o' friendly Counsel!
To dash it in my Face: farewell, farewell,
Ungrateful as thou art: hereafter use
The Name of Brother; but of Friend no more.

[*Going out.*]

Troil. Wilt thou not break yet, Heart? stay Brother,
I promis'd too, but I have broke my Vow, [stay,
And you keep yours too well.

Hect. What would'st thou more?

Take heed, young Man, how you too far provoke me!
For Heaven can witness 'tis with much Constraint
That I preserve my Faith.

Troil. Else you wou'd kill me?

Hect. By all the Gods I wou'd.

Troil. I'm satisfy'd.

You have condemn'd me, and I'll do't my self;
What's Life to him, who has no use of Life?
A barren Purchase, held upon hard Terms!
For I have lost (oh what have I not lost!)
The fairest, dearest, kindest of her Sex,

And

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And lost her ev'n by him, by him ye Gods,
Who only cou'd, and only should protect me!
And if I had a Joy beyond that Love,
A Friend, have lost him too!

Hec. Speak that again:
(For I cou'd hear it ever:) said'st thou not;
That if thou hadst a Joy beyond that Love,
It was a Friend? O saidst thou not a Friend!
That doubting *if* was kind: then thou'rt divided;
And I have still some Part.

Troil. If still you have,
You do not care to have it.

Hec. How, not care!

Troil. No, Brother, care not.

Hec. Am I but thy Brother?

Troil. You told me I must call you Friend no more.

Hec. How far my Words were distant from my Heart!
Know when I told thee so, I lov'd thee most.
Alas! it is the Use of human Frailty,
To fly to worst Extremities with those
To whom we most are kind.

Troil. Is't possible!

Then you are still my Friend!

Hec. Heaven knows I am!

Troil. And can forgive the Sallies of my Passion?
For I have been to blame: oh much to blame!
Have said such Words, nay done such Actions too,
(Base as I am) that my aw'd, conscious Soul
Sinks in my Breast, nor dare I lift an Eye
On him I have offended.

Hec. Peace be to thee,
And Calmness ever there. I blame thee not:
I know thou lov'st; and what can Love not do!
I cast the wild disorderly Account
Of all thy Words and Deeds on that mad Passion;
I pity thee, indeed I pity thee.

Troil. Do; for I need it: let me lean my Head
Upon thy Bosom; all my Peace dwells there;
Thou art some God, or much much more than Man!

Hec. Alas! to lose the Joys of all thy Youth,
One who deserv'd thy Love!

Troil.

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Troil. Did she deserve?

Heſt. She did.

Troil. Then ſure ſhe was no common Creature.

Heſt. I ſaid it in my Rage, I thought not ſo.

Troil. That Thought has bleſſ'd me! but to loſe this
After long Pains, and after ſhort Poſſeſſion. [Love

Heſt. I feel it for thee: Let me go to *Priam*,
I'll break this Treaty off; or let me fight;
I'll be thy Champion; and ſecure both her,
And thee, and *Troy*.

Troil. It muſt not be, my Brother!
For then your Error would be more than mine:
I'll bring her forth, and you ſhall bear her hence;
That you have pity'd me is my Reward.

Heſt. Go then; and the good Gods reſtore her to
And with her all the Quiet of thy Mind; [thee,
The Triumph of this Kindneſs be thy own;
And Heaven and Earth this Teſtimony yield,
That Friendſhip never gain'd a nobler Field.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida meeting.

Pand. IS't poſſible? no ſooner got but loſt?
The Devil take *Antenor*: the young Prince
will go mad:

A Plague upon *Antenor*! wou'd they had broke's Neck.

Cref. How now? what's the Matter? who was here?

Pand. Oh, oh!

Cref. Why ſigh you ſo? O where's my *Troilus*? tell
me ſweet Uncle what's the Matter? [been born!

Pand. Pr'ythee get thee in, wou'd thou haſt never
I knew thou wou'dſt be his Death; oh poor Gentleman!
A Plague upon *Antenor*!

Cref. Good Uncle, I beſeech you on my Knees, tell
me what's the Matter?

Pand.

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Pand. Thou must be gone, Girl; thou must be gone, to the fugitive Rogue Priest thy Father, (and he's my Brother too, but that's all one at this time :) a Pox upon *Antenor*.

Cres. O ye immortal Gods, I will not go.

Pand. Thou must, thou must.

Cres. I will not: I have quite forgot my Father; I have no Touch of Birth; no Spark of Nature: No Kin, no Blood, no Life; nothing so near me As my dear *Troilus*!

Enter Troilus.

Pand. Here, here, here he comes sweet Duck!

Cres. O *Troilus*, *Troilus*!

[*They both weep over each other, she running into his Arms.*]

Pand. What a Pair of Spectacles is here! let me embrace too: Oh Heart, [*sings*] (as the Saying is) O Heart, heavy Heart, why sigh'st thou without breaking (where he answers again) Because thou can'st not ease thy Smart, by Friendship nor by Speaking; there was never a truer Rhime; let us cast away nothing; for we may live to have Need of such a Verse: we see it, we see it, how now Lambs?

Troil. *Cressida*, I love thee with so strange a Purity, That the blest Gods, angry with my Devotions, More bright in Zeal, than that I pay their Altars, Will take thee from my Sight.

Cres. Have the Gods Envy?

Pand. Ay, ay, ay, 'tis too plain a Case!

Cres. And is it true that I must go from *Troy*?

Troil. A hateful Truth.

Cres. What, and from *Troilus* too?

Troil. From *Troy* and *Troilus*: and suddenly. So suddenly, 'tis counted but by Minutes.

Cres. What, not an Hour allow'd for taking Leave?

Troil. Ev'n that's bereft us too: our envious Fates Juggle betwixt, and part the dear Adieu's Of meeting Lips, clasp'd Hands, and lock'd Embraces.

Æneas within.

My Lord, is the Lady ready yet?

Troil. Hark, you are call'd: some say the Genius so Cries Come, to him who instantly must die.

Pand.

Pand. Where are my Tears? some Rain to lay this
Or my Heart will be blown up by the Roots! [Wind:]

Troil. Hear me my Love! be thou but true like me.

Cress. I true! how now, what wicked Thought is this?

Troil. Nay, we must use Expostulation kindly.

For it is parting from us:

I spoke not, be thou true, as fearing thee;

But be thou true, I said, to introduce

My following Protestation: be thou true,

And I will see thee.

Cress. You'll be expos'd to Dangers.

Troil. I care not: but be true.

Cress. Be true again?

Troil. Hear why I speak it, Love.

The *Grecian* Youths are full of *Grecian* Arts:

Alas a kind of holy Jealousy,

Which I beseech you call a virtuous Sin,

Makes me afraid how far you may be tempted.

Cress. O Heavens, you love me not!

Troil. Die I a Villain then!

In this I do not call your Faith in Question,

But my own Merit.

Cress. Fear not; I'll be true.

Troil. Then Fate thy worst: for I will see thee, Love:

Not all the *Grecian* Host shall keep me out,

Nor *Troy*, though wall'd with Fire, shou'd hold me in.

Aeneas within.

My Lord, my Lord *Troilus*: I must call you.

Pand. A Mischief call him: nothing but Screech-owls?
do, do, call again; you had best part 'em now in the
Sweetness of their Love! I'll be hang'd if this *Aeneas* be
the Son of *Venus*, for all his Bragging. Honest *Venus* was
a Punk: wou'd she have parted Lovers? no he has not a
Drop of *Venus*' Blood in him: honest *Venus* was a Punk.

Troil. to *Pand.* Pr'ythee go out; and gain one Minute
more.

Pand. Marry and I will: follow you your Business; lose
no time, 'tis very precious; go, Bill again: I'll tell the
Rogue his own, I warrant him. [Exit Pandarus.]

Cress. What have we gain'd by this one Minute more?

Troil. Only to wish another, and another,

A

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A longer struggling with the Pangs of Death.

Cres. O those who do not know what Parting is,
Can never learn to die!

Troil. When I but think this Sight may be our last,
If *Jove* cou'd set me in the Place of *Atlas*,
And lay the Weight of Heav'n and Gods upon me,
He cou'd not preis me more.

Cres. Oh let me go, that I may know my Grief;
Grief is but guess'd, while thou art standing by:
But I too soon shall know what Absence is.

Troil. Why 'tis to be no more: another Name for Death.
'Tis the Sun parting from the frozen North;
And I, methinks, stand on some Icy Cliff,
To watch the last low Circles that he makes;
'Till he sink down from Heav'n! O only *Cressida*,
If thou depart from me, I cannot live:
I have not Soul enough to last for Grief,
But thou shalt hear what Grief has done with me.

Cres. If I could live to hear it, I were false.
But as a careful Traveller, who fearing
Assaults of Robbers, leaves his Wealth behind,
I trust my Heart with thee: and to the *Greeks*
Bear but an empty Casket.

Troil. Then I will live; that I may keep that Treasure:
And arm'd with this Assurance, let thee go
Loose, yet secure as is the gentle Hawk
When whistled off she mounts into the Wind:
Our Loves like Mountains high above the Clouds,
Though Winds and Tempests beat their aged Feet,
Their peaceful Heads, nor Storm, nor Thunder know,
But scorn the threatening Rack that rowls below.

[*Exeunt Ambo.*]

S C E N E II.

Achilles and Patroclus, standing in their Tent.

*Ulysses, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Nestor and Ajax pass-
ing over the Stage.*

Ulys. *Achilles* stands in th' Entrance of his Tent:
Pleas'd it our General to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot, and Princes all
Look on him with neglectful Eyes and Scorn:

Pride

Pride must be cur'd by Pride.

Agam. We'll execute your Purpose, and put on
A Form of Strangeness as we pass along ;
So do each Prince, either salute him not,
Or else disdainfully, which will shake him more
Than if not look'd on : I will lead the Way.

Achil. What, comes the General to speak with me ?
You know my Mind ; I'll fight no more with *Troy*.

Agam. What says *Achilles*, wou'd he ought with us ?

Nest. Wou'd you, my Lord, ought with the General ?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing my Lord.

Agam. The better.

Menel. How do you, how do you ?

Achil. What, does the Cuckold scorn me !

Ajax. How now *Patroclus* ?

Achil. Good-morrow *Ajax*.

Ajax. Ha !

Achil. Good-morrow.

Ajax. Ay ; and good next Day too.

[*Exeunt all but Achilles and Patroclus.*]

Achil. What mean these Fellows ? know they not *Achilles* ?

Patro. They pass by strangely ; they were us'd to bow,
And send their Smiles before 'em to *Achilles*,
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep to holy Altars.

Achil. Am I poor of late ?

'Tis certain, Greatness once fall'n out with Fortune,
Must fall out with Men too ! what the Declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the Eyes of others,
As feel in his own Fall : for Men like Butterflies,
Show not their mealy Wings but to the Summer.

Patro. 'Tis known you are in Love with *Hector's* Sister,
And therefore will not fight : and your not fighting
Draws on you this Contempt : I oft have told you,
A Woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate Man
In time of Action ; I'm condemn'd for this :
They think my little Appetite to War
Deads all the Fire in you : but rowse your self,
And Love shall from your Neck unlose his Folds ;
Or like a Dew-drop from a Lyon's Mane

Be

Be shaken into Air.

Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*?

Patro. Yes, and perhaps shall gain much Honour by

Achil. I see my Reputation is at Stake. [him.]

Patro. O then beware; those Wounds heal ill that Men
Have giv'n themselves, because they give 'em deepest.

Achil. I'll do something:

But what I know not yet. — No more, our Champion.

*Re-enter Ajax, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulysses,
Nestor, Diomedes, Trumpet.*

Agam. Here art thou daring Combat, valiant *Ajax*.
Give with thy Trumpet, a loud Note to *Troy*,
Thou noble Champion, that the sounding Air
May pierce the Ears of the great Challenger,
And call him hither.

Ajax. Trumpet, take that Purse:
Now crack thy Lungs, and split the sounding Brass;
Thou blow'st for *Hector*.

[Trumpet sounds, and is answered from within.]

Enter Hector, Aeneas, and other Trojans.

Agam. Yonder comes the Troop.

Aeneas, coming to the Greeks.

Health to the Grecian Lords; what shall be done
To him that shall be vanquish'd? or do you purpose
A Victor should be known? will you the Knights
Shall to the Edge of all Extremity
Pursue each other, or shall be divided
By any Voice or Order of the Field?
Hector bad ask.

Agam. Which way wou'd *Hector* have it?

Æn. He cares not, he'll obey Conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done;
A little proudly, and too much despising
The Knight oppos'd; he might have found his Match.

Æn. If not *Achilles*, Sir, what is your Name?

Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Æn. Therefore *Achilles*; but whoe'er, know this;
Great *Hector* knows no Pride: weigh him but well,
And that which looks like Pride, is Courtesie.
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector*'s Blood,
In Love whereof half *Hector* stays at home.

Achil.

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Achil. A Maiden Battle ! I perceive you then.

Agam. Go *Diomedes*, and stand by valiant *Ajax* :
As you and Lord *Aeneas* shall consent,
So let the Fight proceed to terminate.

[The Trumpets sound on both Sides, while Aeneas and Diomedes take their Places, as Judges of the Field: The Trojans and Grecians rank themselves on either Side.]

Ulys. They are oppos'd already.

[Fight equal at first, then Ajax has Hector at Disadvantage : at last Hector closes, Ajax falls on one Knee, Hector stands over him, but strikes not, and Ajax rises.]

Aeneas, throwing his Gauntlet betwixt them,
Princes enough, you both have shewn much Valour.

Diom. And we, as Judges of the Field, declare,
The Combat here shall cease.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Aen. Then let it be as *Hector* shall determine.

Hect. If it be left to me, I will no more.

Ajax, thou art my Aunt *Hesione's* Son :
The Obligation of our Blood forbids us.
But were thy Mixture Greek and Trojan so,
That thou cou'dst say, this Part is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan, hence thou shou'dst not bear
One Grecian Limb, wherein my pointed Sword
Had not Impression made ; but Heav'n forbid
That any Drop thou borrow'st from my Mother,
Shou'd e'er be drain'd by me : let me embrace thee Cousin :
By him who thunders, thou hast finewy Arms,
Hector wou'd have 'em fall upon him thus : — *[Embrace.]*
Thine be the Honour, *Ajax*.

Ajax. I thank thee *Hector*,
Thou art too gentle, and too free a Man :
I came to kill thee Cousin, and to gain
A great Addition from that glorious Act :
But thou hast quite disarm'd me.

Hect. I am glad.
For 'tis the only way I cou'd disarm thee.

Ajax. If I might in Intreaty find Success,
I wou'd desire to see thee at my Tent.

Diom.

Achil.

Diom. 'Tis *Agamemnon's* With, and great *Achilles*,
Both long to see the valiant *Hector* there.

Hect. *Aeneas*, call my Brother *Troilus* to me;
And you two sign this friendly Interview.

[*Agamemnon, and the chief of both Sides approach.*

Agam. to Hector. Worthy of Arms, as welcome as to
Who would be rid of such an Enemy. [one,

To Troil.] My well fam'd Lord of *Troy*, no less to you.

Nest. I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, seen thee often
Labouring for Destiny, make cruel Way
Through Ranks of *Grecian* Youth, and I have seen thee
As swift as Lightning spur thy *Phrygian* Steed,
And seen thee scorning many forfeit Lives,
When thou hast hung thy advanc'd Sword i'th' Air,
Not letting it decline on prostrate Foes:
That I have said to all the Standers-by,
Loe *Jove* is yonder, distributing Life.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old Chronicle,
Who hast so long walkt Hand in Hand with Time:
Most Reverend *Nestor*, I am glad to clasp thee.

Ulys. I wonder now, how yonder City stands,
When we have here her Base and Pillar by us.

Hect. I know your Count'nance, Lord *Ulysses*, well;
Ah Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since first I saw your self and *Diomedes*
In *Ilion*, on your *Greekish* Embassy.

Achil. Now *Hector*, I have fed mine Eyes on thee;
I have with exact View perus'd thee *Hector*,
And quoted Joint by Joint.

Hect. Is this *Achilles*?

[*Achil.* I am *Achilles*.

Hect. Stand fair, I pr'ythee let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy Fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief. I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee Limb by Limb.

Hect. O, like a Book of Sport thou read'st me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.

Achil. Tell me ye Heav'ns, in which Part of his Body
Shall I destroy him? there, or there, or there!
That I may give th' imagin'd Wound a Name,

And

And make distinct the very Breach, whereout
Hector's great Spirit flew! answer me Heavens!

Hect. Wert thou an Oracle to tell me this,
I'd not believe thee; henceforth guard thee well,
I'll kill thee every where:

Ye noble Grecians pardon me this Boast,
His Insolence draws Folly from my Lips,
But I'll endeavour Deeds to match these Words;
Else may I never ———

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, Cousin;
And you Achilles, let these Threats alone:
You may have every Day enough of Hector,
If you have Stomach: the general State I fear
Can scarce intreat you to perform your Boast.

Hect. I pray you let us see you in the Field;
We have had paltry Wars, since you refus'd
The Grecian Cause.

Achil. Do'st thou entreat me, Hector?
To morrow will I meet thee fierce as Death;
To-night all Peace.

Hect. Thy Hand upon that Match.

Agam. First, all you Grecian Princes go with me,
And entertain great Hector; afterwards,
As his own Leisure shall concur with yours,
You may invite him to your several Tents.

[Exeunt Agam. Hect. Menel. Nest. Diom. together.]

Troil. My Lord Ulysses, tell me I beseech you,
In what Part of the Field does Calchas lodge?

Ulys. At Menelaus' Tent;
There Diomedes does feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks on Heaven or on Earth,
But gives all Gaze and Bent of amorous View
On Cressida alone.

Troil. Shall I, brave Lord, be bound to you so much?
After we part from Agamemnon's Tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulys. I shall wait on you.
As freely tell me, of what Honour was
This Cressida in Troy? had she no Lovers there
Who mourn her Absence?

Troil. O Sir, to such as boasting shew their Scars,
Reproof

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Reproof is due, she lov'd and was belov'd :

That's all I must impart. Lead on, my Lord.

[*Exeunt Ulysses, and Troilus.*]

Achil. to *Patro.* I'll heat his Blood with *Greekish* Wine to-night,

Which with my Sword I mean to cool to-morrow.

Patroclus, let us feast him to the Height.

Enter Therfites.

Patro. Here comes *Therfites*.

Achil. How now thou Core of Envy,
Thou crusty Batch of Nature, what's the News ?

Thersf. Why thou Picture of what thou seem'st, thou
Idol of Idiot Worshippers, there's a Letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, Fragment ?

Thersf. Why thou full Dish of Fool, from *Troy*.

Patro. Well said, Adversity ! what makes thee so keen

Thersf. Because a Fool's my Whetstone. [to-day ?]

Patro. Meaning me ?

Thersf. Yes, meaning thy no Meaning ; pr'ythee be silent
Boy, I profit not by thy Talk : Now the rotten Disease,
of the South, Gut-gripings, Ruptures, Catarrhs ; Loads
of Gravel in the Back, Lethargies, cold Palsies, and the
like, take thee, and take thee again ; thou green Sarce-
net Flap for a fore Eye, thou Tassel of a Prodigal's Purse,
thou : Ah how the poor World is pester'd with such
Water-flies : such Diminutives of Nature.

Achil. My dear *Patroclus*, I am quite prevented
From my great Purpose, bent on *Hector's* Life :
Here is a Letter from my Love *Polyxena*,
Both taxing, and ingaging me to keep
An Oath that I have sworn ; and will not break it
To save all *Greece* : Let Honour go or stay,
There's more Religion in my Love than Fame.

[*Exeunt Achilles, and Patroclus.*]

Thersf. With two much Blood and too little Brain, these
two are running mad before the Dog-days. There's *A-*
gamemnon too, an honest Fellow enough, and loves a
Brimmer heartily ; but he has not so much Brains as an
old Gander. But his Brother *Menelaus*, there's a Fellow :
the goodly Transformation of *Jupiter* when he lov'd *E-*
ropa : the primitive Cuckold : A vile Monkey ty'd eter-
nally

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nally to his Brother's Table. To be a Dog, a Mule, a Cat, a Toad, an Owl, a Lizard, a Herring without a Roe, I wou'd not care: but to be *Menelaus* I wou'd conspire against Destiny — Hey Day! *Will* with a *Whisk*, and *Jack* a *Lanthorn*!

Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Diomedes, Ulysses,
Troilus, going with Torches over the Stage.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis; there where we see the Light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. Not at all, Cousin: Here comes *Achilles* himself to guide us.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Welcome brave *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

Agam. So now, brave Prince of *Troy*, I take my Leave; *Ajax* commands the Guard, to wait on you.

Men. Good Night, my Lord!

Hect. Good Night, sweet Lord *Menelaus*.

Thers. [aside.] Sweet quoth a! sweet Sink, sweet Shore, sweet Jakes!

Achil. *Nestor* will stay, and you Lord *Diomedes*, Keep *Hector* Company an Hour or two.

Diom. I cannot, Sir, I have important Business.

Achil. Enter, my Lords.

Ulys. to Troil. Follow his Torch: he goes to *Calchas's* Tent.

[Exeunt Achil. Hect. Ajax one Way, Diomedes another; and after him Ulysses, and Troilus.]

Thers. This *Diomedes's* a false-hearted Rogue, an unjust Knave: I will no more trust him when he winks with one Eye, than I will a Serpent when he hisses. He will spend his Mouth and Promise, like Brabbler the Hound: but when he performs, Astronomers set it down for a Prodigy; though I long to see *Hector*, I cannot forbear dogging him. They say he keeps a *Trojan* Drabb: and uses *Calchas's* Tent, that fugitive Priest of *Troy*, that Canonical Rogue of our Side. I'll after him: nothing but Whoring in this Age: all incontinent Rascals!

[Exit Thersites.]

Enter Calchas, and Cressida.

Calch. O, what a Blessing is a virtuous Child!

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E

Thou

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Thou hast reclaim'd my Mind, and calm'd my Passion
Of Anger and Revenge: my Love to *Troy*
Revives within me, and my lost *Tiara*
No more disturbs my Mind.

Cress. A virtuous Conquest!

Calch. I have a Woman's Longing to return,
But yet which way, without your Aid, I know not.

Cress. Time must instruct us how.

Calch. You must dissemble Love to *Diomede*, still;
False *Diomede*, bred in *Ulysses'* School,
Can never be deceiv'd,

But by strong Arts and Blandishments of Love.
Put 'em in Practice all; seem lost and won,
And draw him on, and give him *Lines* again.
This *Argus* then may close his hundred Eyes,
And leave our Flight more easy.

Cress. How can I answer this to Love and *Troilus*?

Calch. Why 'tis for him you do it: promise largely;
That Ring he saw you wear, he much suspects
Was given you by a Lover; let him have it.

Diom. [*within.*] Ho; *Calchas*, *Calchas*!

Calch. Hark! I hear his Voice.

Pursue your Project; doubt not the Success.

Cress. Heaven knows against my Will: and yet my
Hopes

This Night to meet my *Troilus*, while 'tis Truce,
Afford my Mind some Ease.

Calch. No more: retire.

[*Exit Cressida.*]

Enter Diomede; *Troilus* and *Ulysses* appear listening
at one Door, and *Thersites* watching at another.

Diom. I came to see your Daughter, worthy *Calchas*.

Calch. My Lord, I'll call her to you. [*Exit Calchas.*]

Ulys. to *Troil*, Stand where the Torch may not dis-
cover us.

Enter Cressida.

Troil. *Cressida* comes forth to him!

Diom. How now my Charge?

Cress. Now my sweet Guardian; hark a word with
you.

[*Whisper*]

Troil. Ay, so familiar!

Diom. Will you remember?

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Cress. Remember? yes. [Madness!]

Troil. Heav'ns! what shou'd she remember! Plague and

Ulyss. Prince, you are mov'd: let us depart in Time,
Lest your Displeasure should enlarge it self

To wrathful Terms: this Place is dangerous;

The Time unfit: beseech you let us go.

Troil. I pray you stay; by Hell, and by Hell Torments
I will not speak a Word.

Diom. I'll hear no more: good Night.

Cress. Nay, but you part in Anger!

Troil. Does that grieve thee! O wither'd Truth!

Diom. Farewel Cozener.

Cress. Indeed I am not: pray come back again.

Ulyss. You shake, my Lord, at something: will you
You will break out. [go?]

Troil. By all the Gods I will not.

There is between my Will and all my Actions,

A Guard of Patience! stay a little while.

Thers. [aside.] How the Devil Luxury with his fat
Rump, and Potato-finger, tickles these together! put
him off a little, you foolish Harlot! 'twill sharpen him
the more.

Diom. But will you then?

Cress. I will as soon as e'er the War's concluded.

Diom. Give me some Token, for the Surety of it:
The Ring I saw you wear.

Cress. [Giving it.] If you must have it.

Troil. The Ring? nay then 'tis plain! O Beauty
where's thy Faith!

Ulyss. You have sworn Patience.

Thers. That's well, that's well, the Pledge is given;
hold her to her Word good Devil, and her Soul's thine
I warrant thee.

Diom. Whose was't?

Cress. By all *Diana's* waiting Train of Stars,
And by her self, I will not tell you whose.

Diom. Why then thou lov'st him still: farewell for
Thou never shalt mock *Diomede* again. [ever:]

Cress. You shall not go: one cannot speak a Word,
But straight it starts you.

Diom. I do not like this Fooling.]

E 2

Thers.

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Thers. Nor I by *Pluto*: but that which likes not me,
pleases me best.

Diom. I shall expect your Promise.

Cress. I'll perform it.

Not a Word more, good Night — I hope for ever:
Thus to deceive Deceivers is no Fraud. *[Aside.]*

[Exeunt Diomede and Cressida severally.]

Ulys. All's done, my Lord.

Troil. Is it?

Ulys. Pray let us go.

Troil. Was *Cressida* here?

Ulys. I cannot conjure, *Trojan*.

Troil. She was not sure! she was not.

Let it not be believ'd for Womanhood:
Think we had Mothers, do not give Advantage
To biting Satyr, apt without a Theme,
For Defamation, to square all the Sex
By *Cressid's* Rule, rather think this not *Cressida*.

Thers. Will he swagger himself out on's own Eyes?

Troil. This she! no, this was *Diomede's Cressida*.
If Beauty have a Soul, this is not she:
I cannot speak for Rage, that Ring was mine,
By Heaven I gave it, in that Point of Time,
When both our Joys were fullest! — If he keeps it,
Let Dogs eat *Troilus*.

Thers. He'll tickle it for his Concupy: this will be Sport
to see! *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the Intelli-
gence of this Whore; a Parrot will not do more for an
Almond, than he will for a commodious Drab: I would
I could meet with this Rogue *Diomede* too: I would
croak like a Raven to him; I would bode: it shall go
hard but I'll find him out. *[Exit Thersites.]*

Enter Æneas.

Æn. I have been seeking you this Hour my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in *Troy*.

Ulys. Commend me, gallant *Troilus*, to your Brother:
Tell him, I hope he shall not need to arm;
The fair *Polyxena* has, by a Letter,
L'arm'd our great *Achilles* of his Rage.

Troil. This I shall say to *Hector*.

So I hope!

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Pray Heaven *Thersites* have inform'd me true — [*Aside.*

Troil. Good Night, my Lord; accept distracted Thanks! [*Exit Ulysses.*

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. Hear ye, my Lord, hear ye; I have been seeing yon poor Girl. There have been old Doings there i' faith.

Troil. [*Aside.*] Hold yet, my Spirits: let him pour it in: The Poison's kind: the more I drink of it, The sooner 'twill dispatch me,

Æn. to Pand. Peace you Babblers!

Pand. She has been mightily made on by the *Greeks*: she takes most wonderfully among 'em: *Achilles* kiss'd her, and *Patroclus* kiss'd her: Nay, and old *Nestor* put aside his grey Beard, and brush'd her with his Whiskers. Then comes me *Agamemnon* with his General's Staff, diving with a low Bow ev'n to the Ground, and rising again, just at her Lips: And after him came *Ulysses*, and *Ajax*, and *Menelaus*: and they so pelted her i' faith: pitter patter, pitter patter, as thick as Hail-stones. And after that, a whole Rout of 'em: Never was Woman in *Phrygia* better kiss'd.

Troil. [*Aside.*] *Hector* said true: I find it now!

Pand. And last of all comes me *Diomedes* so demurely: that's a notable sly Rogue I warrant him! Me cy upon us, how he laid her on upon the Lips! for as I told you, she's most mightily made on among the *Greeks*. What, cheer up, I say, Man! she has every one's good Word. I think in my Conscience, she was born with a Caul upon her Head.

Troil. [*Aside.*] Hell, Death, Confusion, how he tortures me!

Pand. And that Rogue-Priest my Brother, is so court-ed and treated for her Sake: the young Sparks do so pull him about, and haul him by the Cassock: nothing but Invitations to his Tent, and his Tent, and his Tent. Nay, and one of 'em was so bold, as to ask him, if she were a Virgin; and with that, the Rogue my Brother takes me up a little God in his Hand, and kisses it, and swears devoutly that she was; then was I ready to burst my Sides with Laughing, to think what had pass'd betwixt you two.

E. 3.

Troil.

Troil. O I can bear no more ! she's Falshood all :
False by both Kinds ; for with her Mother's Milk
She suck'd th' Infusion of her Father's Soul.
She only wants an Opportunity,
Her Soul's a Whore already.

Pand. What wou'd you make a Monopoly of a Wo-
man's Lips ? a little Consolation or so, might be allow'd,
one wou'd think, in a Lover's Absence !

Troil. Hence from my Sight :
Let Ignominy brand thy hated Name :
Let modest Matrons at thy Mention start ;
And blushing Virgins, when they read our Annals,
Skip o'er the guilty Page that holds thy Legend,
And blots the noble Work.

Pand. O World, World : thou art an ungrateful Patch
of Earth !

Thus the poor Agent is despis'd ! he labours painfully in
his Calling, and trudges between Parties : but when
their Turns are serv'd, Come-out's too good for him. I
am mighty melancholy. I'll e'en go home, and shut
up my Doors ; and die o'th' Sullens like an old Bird in
a Cage ! *[Exit Pandarus.]*

Enter Diomede and Therfites.

Thers. *[Aside.]* There ; there he is, now let it work :
now play thy Part Jealousy, and twinge 'em : put 'em be-
tween thy Mill-stones, and grind the Rogues together.

Diom. My Lord, I am by *Ajax* sent to inform you,
This Hour must end the Truce.

Æn. to Troil. Contain your self ;
Think where we are.

Diom. Your Stay will be unsafe.

Troil. It may for those I hate.

Thers. *[Aside.]* Well said, *Trojan* : there's the first Hit.

Diom. Beseech you Sir make Haste, my own Affairs
Call me another Way.

Thers. *[Aside.]* What Affairs ? what Affairs ? demand
that, Dolt-head ! the Rogue will lose a Quarrel for want
of Wit to ask that Question.

Troil. May I enquire where your Affairs conduct you ?

Thers. *[Aside.]* Well said again ; I beg thy Pardon.

Diom. Oh it concerns you not.

Troil.

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Troil. Perhaps it does :

Diom. You are too inquisitive : nor am I bound
To satisfy an Enemy's Request.

Troil. You have a Ring upon your Finger, *Diomede*,
And given you by a Lady.

Diom. If it were ;

'Twas given to one who can defend her Gift.

Thers. [*Aside.*] So, so ; the Boars begin to gruntle at
one another : set up your Bristles now a' both Sides :
whet and foam, Rogues.

Troil. You must restore it, *Greek*, by Heaven you must :
No Spoil of mine shall grace a Traytor's Hand :
And, with it, give me back the broken Vows
Of my false Fair ; which, perjur'd as she is,
I never will resign, but with my Soul.

Diom. Then thou, it seems, art that forsaken Fool,
Who wanting Merit to preserve her Heart,
Repines in vain to see it better plac'd ;
But know, (for now I take a Pride to grieve thee)
Thou art so lost a thing in her Esteem,
I never heard thee nam'd, but some Scorn follow'd :
Thou wert our Table-Talk for laughing Meals :
Thy Name our sportful Theme for Evening-walks :
And intermissive Hours of cooler Love :
When Hand in Hand we went.

Troil. Hell and Furies !

Thers. [*Aside.*] O well stung, Scorpion !
Now *Menelaus* his *Greek* Horns are out o' Doors, there's
a new Cuckold starts up on the *Trojan* Side.

Troil. Yet this was she, ye Gods, that very She,
Who in my Arms lay melting all the Night ;
Who kiss'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd and kiss'd again,
As if her Soul flew upward to her Lips,
To meet mine there, and panted at the Passage.
Who loth to find the breaking Day, look'd out,
And shrunk into my Bosom, there to make
A little longer Darknes.

Diom. Plagues and Tortures !

Thers. Good, good, by *Pluto* ! their Fool's mad to
lose his Harlot ; and our Fool's mad, that t'other Fool
had her first ; if I sought Peace now, I cou'd tell 'em

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there's Punk enough to satisfy 'em both; Whore sufficient! but let 'em worry one another, the foolish Curs; they think they can never have enough of Carrion.

Æn. My Lords, this Fury is not proper here
In Time of Truce; if either Side be injur'd,
To-morrow's Sun will rise apace, and then ———

Troil. And then! but why should I defer, 'till then?
My Blood calls now, there is no Truce for Traytors,
My Vengeance rowls within my Breast, it must,
It will have Vent, ——— [Draws.]

Diom. Hinder us not, *Æneas*,
My Blood rides high as his; I trust thy Honour,
And know thou art too brave a Foe to break it. ——— [Draws.]

Thers. Now Moon! now shine sweet Moon! let 'em
have just Light enough to make their Passes: and not
Light enough to ward 'em.

Æn. [Drawing too.] By Heav'n he comes on this, who
strikes the first.

You both are mad; is this like gallant Men,
To fight at Midnight; at the Murderer's Hour;
When only Guilt and Rapine draw a Sword?
Let Night enjoy her Dues of soft Repose;
But let the Sun behold the brave Man's Courage.
And this I dare engage for *Diomedes*,
Foe though I am, he shall not hide his Head,
But meet you in the very Face of Danger.

Diom. [Putting up.] Be't so: and were it on some Pre-
High as *Olympus*, and a Sea beneath, [cipice,
Call when thou dar'st, just on the sharpest Point
I'll meet, and tumble with thee to Destruction.

Troil. A gnawing Conscience haunts not guilty Men,
As I'll haunt thee, to summon thee to this;
Nay, should'st thou take the *Stygian Lake* for Refuge,
I'll plunge in after, through the boiling Flames,
To push thee hissing down the vast Abyss.

Diom. Where shall we meet?

Troil. Before the Tent of *Calchas*:
Thither, through all your Troops, I'll fight my Way:
And in the Sight of perjur'd *Cressida*,
Give Death to her through thee.

Diom.

Diom. 'Tis largely promis'd.
But I disdain to answer with a Boast ;
Be sure thou shalt be met.

Troil. And thou be found.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Aeneas one Way : Diomedè the other.*

Thers. Now the Furies take *Aeneas*, for letting 'em sleep upon their Quarrel : who knows but Rest may cool their Brains, and make 'em rise maukish to Mischief upon Consideration ? May each of 'em dream he sees his Cockatrice in t'other's Arms : and be stabbing one another in their Sleep, to remember 'em of their Business when they wake : let 'em be punctual to the Point of Honour ; and if it were possible, let both be first at the Place of Execution. Let neither of 'em have Cogitation enough, to consider 'tis a Whore they fight for : and let 'em value their Lives at as little as they are worth. And lastly, let no succeeding Fools take Warning by 'em ; but, in Imitation of them, when a Strumpet is in question,

Let 'em beneath their Feet all Reason trample,
And think it great to perish by Example. [Exit.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Hector, Trojans, Andromache.

Hect. THE blue Mists rise from off the nether Grounds,
And the Sun mounts apace : To Arms, to
I am resolv'd to put to th' utmost Proof [Arms ::
The Fate of *Troy* this Day.

Andro. [*Aside.*] Oh wretched Woman, oh !

Hect. Methought I heard you sigh, *Andromache* !

Andro. Did you, my Lord !

Hect. Did you, my Lord ? you answer indirectly :
Just when I said that I wou'd put our Fate

Upon th' extreamest Proof, you fetch'd a Groan ;

And, as you check'd your self for what you did,

You stifled it and stopt. Come, you are sad.

Andro. The Gods forbid.

E. 5.

Hect.

Hec. What should the Gods forbid?

Andr. That I should give you Cause of just Offence.

Hec. You say well; but you look not chearfully.
I mean this Day to waste the Stock of War,
And lay it prodigally out in Blows.
Come gird my Sword, and smile upon me, Love;
Like Victory come flying to my Arms,
And give me Earnest of desir'd Success.

Andr. The Gods protect you, and restore you to me!

Hec. What, grown a Coward! Thou wert us'd, *Andromache*,

To give my Courage Courage; Thou would'st cry,
Go *Hector*, Day grows old, and Part of Fame
Is ravish'd from thee by thy slothful Stay.

Andr. [*Aside.*] What shall I do to seem the same!
Come, let me gird thy Fortune to thy Side, [was?
And Conquest fit as close and sure as this.

[*She goes to gird his Sword, and it falls.*
Now Mercy, Heaven! the Gods avert this Omen.

Hec. A foolish Omen! take it up again,
And mend thy Error.

Andr. I cannot, for my Hand obeys me not;
But as in Slumbers, when we fain wou'd run
From our imagin'd Fears, our idle Feet
Grow to the Ground, our struggling Voice dies inward:
So now, when I wou'd force my self to chear you,
My faltering Tongue can give no glad Presage;
Alas, I am no more *Andromache*.

Hec. Why then thy former Soul is flown to me:
For I, methinks, am lifted into Air,
As if my Mind mast'ring my mortal Part,
Wou'd bear my exalted Body to the Gods.
Last Night I dreamt *Jove* sat on *Ida's* Top,
And beck'ning with his Hand divine from far,
He pointed to a Choir of Demi-gods,
Bacchus and *Hercules*, and all the rest,
Who, free from humane Toils, had gain'd the Pitch
Of blest Eternity: Lo there, he said,
Lo there's a Place for *Hector*.

Andr. Be to thy Enemies this boding Dream!

Hec. Why, it portends me Honour and Renown.

Andr.

Andr. Such Honour as the Brave gain after Death,
For I have dreamt all Night of horrid Slaughters,
Of trampling Horses, and of Chariot Wheels
Wading in Blood up to their Axle-trees ;
Of fiery *Demons* gliding down the Skies,
And *Ilium* brighten'd with a midnight Blaze ;
O therefore, if thou lov'st me, go not forth.

Heñ. Go to thy Bed again, and there dream better.
Ho! bid my Trumpet sound. [sake.

Andr. No Notes of Sally, for the Heaven's sweet
'Tis not for nothing when my Spirits droop :
This is a Day when thy ill Stars are strong,
When they have driv'n thy helpless Genius down
The Steep of Heaven to some obscure Retreat.

Heñ. No more ; ev'n as thou lov'st my Fame, no
My Honour stands engag'd to meet *Achilles* : [more :
What will the *Grecians* think, or what will he,
Or what will *Troy*, or what wilt thou thy self,
When once this Ague Fit of Fear is o'er,
If I should lose my Honour for a Dream ?

Andr. Your Enemies too well your Courage know,
And Heaven abhors the Forfeit of rash Vows,
Like spotted Livers in a Sacrifice.
I cannot, O I dare not let you go :
For when you leave me, my presaging Mind
Says, I shall never, never see you more.

Heñ. Thou excellently good, but oh too soft,
Let me not 'scape the Danger of this Day ;
But I have struggling in my manly Soul
To see those modest Tears, asham'd to fall,
And witness any Part of Woman in thee !
And now I fear, lest thou should'st think it Fear,
If thus dissuaded, I refuse to fight,
And stay inglorious in thy Arms at home.

Andr. Oh cou'd I have that Thought, I shou'd not
love thee ;

Thy Soul is Proof to all things but to Kindness,
And therefore 'twas that I forbore to tell thee
How mad *Cassandra*, full of Prophecy,
Ran round the Streets, and like a Bacchanal
Cry'd, Hold him *Priam*, 'tis an ominous Day,

Let

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Let him not go, for *Hector* is no more.

Hect. Our Life is short, but to extend that Span
To vast Eternity, is Virtue's Work :
Therefore to thee, and not to Fear of Fate,
Which once must come to all, give I this Day.
But see thou move no more the like Request :
For rest assur'd, that to regain this Hour,
To-morrow will I tempt a double Danger :
Mean time, let Destiny attend thy Leisure ;
I reckon this one Day a Blank of Life.

Enter Troilus.

Troil. Where are you Brother ? now in Honour's Name,
What do you mean to be thus long unarm'd ?
Th' imbattel'd Soldiers throng about the Gates ;
The Matrons to the Turrets Tops ascend,
Holding their helpless Children in their Arms,
To make you early known to their young Eyes,
And *Hector* is the universal Shout.

Hect. Bid all unarm, I will not fight to-day.

Troil. Employ some Coward to bear back this News,
And let the Children hoot him for his Pains.
By all the Gods, and by my just Revenge,
'This Sun shall shine the last for them or us :
These noisy Streets, or yonder echoing Plains,
Shall be to-morrow silent as the Grave.

Andro. O Brother, do not urge a Brother's Fate,
But let this Wreck of Heav'n and Earth roul o'er,
And when the Storm is past, put out to Sea.

Troil. O now I know from whence his Change proceeds
Some frantick Augur has observ'd the skies ;
Some Victim wants a Heart, or Crow flies wrong ;
By Heav'n 'twas never well, since sawcy Priests
Grew to be Masters of the listning Herd,
And into Miters cleft the Regal Crown.
Then, as the Earth were scanty for their Pow'r,
They drew the Pomp of Heaven to wait on them.
Shall I go publish, *Hector* dares not fight,
Because a Mad-man dreamt he talk'd with *Jove* ?
What could the God see in a brain-sick Priest,
That he should sooner talk to him than me ?

Hect. You know my Name's not liable to Fear.

Troil.

Troil. Yes, to the worst of Fear, to Superstition,
But whether that, or Fondness of a Wife,
(The more unpardonable Ill) has seiz'd you,
Know this, the *Grecians* think you fear *Achilles*,
And that *Polyxena* has beg'd your Life.

Hect. How! that my Life is beg'd, and by my Sister?

Troil. *Ulysses* so inform'd me at our Parting,
With a malicious and disdainful Smile:
'Tis true, he said not in broad Words, you fear'd,
But in well-manner'd Terms 'twas so agreed,
Achilles shou'd avoid to meet with *Hector*.

Hect. He thinks my Sister's Treason my Petition,
That largely vaunting in my Heat of Blood,
More than I cou'd, it seems, or durst perform,
sought Evasion.

Troil. And in private pray'd.

Hect. O yes, *Polyxena* to beg my Life,

Andro. He cannot think so, do not urge him thus.

Hect. Not urge me! then thou think'st I need his urg-
By all the Gods, shou'd *Jove* himself descend, [ing.
And tell me, *Hector* thou deserv'st not Life,
But take it as a Boon; I wou'd not live.
But that a mortal Man, and he of all Men,
Shou'd think my Life were in his Power to give,
I will not rest, till prostrate on the Ground,
I make him, Atheist like, implore his Breath
Of me, and not of Heaven.

Troil. Then you'll refuse no more to fight?

Hect. Refuse! I'll not be hinder'd, Brother.
I'll through and through 'em, even their hindmost
Till I have found that large-fiz'd boasting Fool, [Ranks,
Who dares presume my Life is in his Gift.

Andro. Farewel, farewel; 'tis vain to strive with Fate!
Cassandra's raging God inspires my Breast
With Truths that must be told, and not believ'd.
Look how he dies! look how his Eyes turn pale!
Look how his Blood bursts out at many Vents!
Hark how *Troy* roars, how *Hecuba* cries out,
And widow'd I fill all the Streets with Screams!
Behold Distraction, Frenzy, and Amazement:
Like Antiques meet, and tumble upon Heaps!

And

TO TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

And all cry *Hector*, *Hector's* dead! Oh *Hector*! [*Exit. Hector.* What sport will be, when we return at Evening, To laugh her out of Count'nance for her Dreams!

Troil. I have not quench'd my Eyes with dewy Sleep this Night;

But fiery Fumes mount upward to my Brains,
And when I breathe, methinks my Nostrils hiss!
I shall turn Basilisk! and with my Sight
Do my Hands Work on *Diomedes* this Day.

Hect. To Arms, to Arms! the Vanguards are engag'd:
Let us not leave one Man to guard the Walls;
Both Old and Young, the Coward and the Brave
Be summon'd all, our utmost Fate to try,
And as one Body move, whose Soul am I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Camp.*

Alarm within. Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Menelaus, Soldiers.

Agam. Thus far the Promise of the Day is fair:
Aeneas rather loses Ground than gains;
I saw him over-labour'd, taking Breath,
And leaning on his Spear, behold our Trenches,
Like a fierce Lion looking up to Toils,
Which yet he durst not leap.

Ulys. And therefore distant Death does all the Work:
The Flights of whistling Darts make brown the Sky,
Whose clashing Points strike Fire, and gild the Dusk:
Those that reach home, from neither Host are vain,
So thick the Prease; so lusty are their Arms,
That Death seem'd never sent with better Will;
Nor was with less Concernment entertain'd.

Enter Nestor.

Agam. Now, *Nestor*, what's the News?

Nestor. I have descry'd
A Cloud of Dust that mounts in Pillars upwards,
Expanding as it travels to our Camp;
And from the Midst I heard a bursting Shout
That rent the Heav'n! as if all *Troy* were swarm'd,
And on the Wing this way.

Menel. Let 'em come, let 'em come.

Agam.

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Agam. Where's great *Achilles*?

Ulys. Think not on *Achilles*,
Till *Hector* drag him from his Tent to fight,
(Which sure he will, for I have laid the Train.)

Nest. But young *Patroclus* leads his *Myrmidons*,
And in their Front, ev'n in the Face of *Hector*,
Resolves to dare the *Trojans*.

Agam. Haste *Ulysses*, bid *Ajax* issue forth and second

Ulys. Oh noble General, let it not be so. [him.
Oppose not Rage, while Rage is in its Force,
But give it way awhile, and let it waste.
The rising Deluge is not stopt with Dams,
Those it o'er-bears, and drowns the Hopes of Harvest:
But wisely manag'd, its divided Strength
Is sluic'd in Channels, and securely drain'd.
First let small Parties dally with their Fury;
But when their Force is spent and unsupply'd,
The Residue with Mounds may be restrain'd,
And dry-shod we may pass the naked Ford.

Enter Therites.

Thers. Ho, ho, ho!

Menel. Why dost thou laugh, unseasonable Fool?

Thers. Why, thou Fool in Season, cannot a Man laugh,
but thou think'st he makes Horns at thee? Thou Prince
of the Herd, what hast thou to do with Laughing? 'Tis
the Prerogative of Man to laugh! Thou Rifibility with-
out Reason, thou Subject of Laughter, thou Fool Royal.

Ulys. But tell us the Occasion of thy Mirth?

Thers. Now a Man asks me, I care not if I answer to
my own Kind: Why, the Enemies are broken into our
Trenches; Fools like *Menelaus* fall by Thousands, yet not
a human Soul departs on either Side. *Troilus* and *Ajax*
have almost beaten one anothers Heads off, but are both
immortal for want of Brains. *Patroclus* has kill'd *Sarpe-
don*, and *Hector* *Patroclus*; so there's a towardly springing
Fop gone off: He might have made a Prince one Day,
but now he's nipt in the very Bud and Promise of a most
prodigious Coxcomb.

Agam. Bear off *Patroclus*' Body to *Achilles*;
Revenge will arm him now, and bring us Aid.

Th' Alarm

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Th' Alarm sounds near, and Shouts are driv'n upon us,
As of a Crowd confus'd in their Retreat.

Ulys. Open your Ranks, and make these mad Men way,
Then close again to charge upon their Backs,
And quite consume the Relicks of the War.

[Exeunt all but Therfites.]

Therf. What Shoals of Fools one Battle sweeps away!
How it purges Families of younger Brothers, High-ways
of Robbers, and Cities of Cuckold-makers! There's no-
thing like a pitch'd Battle for these brisk Addle-heads!
Your Physician is a pretty Fellow, but his Fees make
him tedious, he rides not fast enough; the Fools grow
upon him, and their Horse Bodies are Poyson Proof. Your
Pestilence is a quicker Remedy, but it has not the Grace
to make Distinction, it huddles up honest Men and Rogues
together. But your Battle has Discretion, it picks out
all the forward Fools, and sows 'em together into Im-
mortality. *[Shouts and Alarms within.]* Plague upon these
Drums and Trumpets! these sharp Sauces of the War
to get Fools an Appetite to Fighting! What do I among
'em? I shall be mistaken for some valiant Ass, and die
a Martyr in a wrong Religion.

[Here Grecians fly over the Stage pursued by Trojans:]

One Trojan turns back upon Therfites who is flying too.

Troj. Turn Slave, and fight.

Therf. *[turning.]* What art thou?

Troj. A Bastard Son of Priam's.

Therf. I am a Bastard too, I love Bastards. I am Ba-
stard in Body, Bastard in Mind, Bastard in Valour, in e-
very thing illegitimate. A Bear will not fasten upon a
Bear; why should one Bastard offend another! Let us
part fair, like true Sons of Whores, and have the Fear of
our Mothers before our Eyes.

Troj. The Devil take thee, Coward. *[Exit Trojan.]*

Therf. Now wou'd I were, either invisible or invulne-
rable: These Gods have a fine time on't; they can see and
make Mischief, and never feel it.

*[Clattering of Swords at both Doors; he runs each
Way, and meets the Noise.]*

A Pox clatter you; I am compass'd in! Now wou'd I
were that Blockhead *Ajax* for a Minute. Some sturdy
Trojan

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Trojan will poach me up with a long Pole! and then the Rogues may kill one another upon free Cost, and have no Body left to laugh at 'em:

Now Destruction! now Destruction!

Enter Hector and Troilus driving in the Greeks.

Hect. to Therf. Speak what Part thou fight'st on!

Therf. I fight not at all, I am for neither Side.

Hect. Thou art a Greek, art thou a Match for *Hector*? Art thou of Blood and Honour?

Therf. No, I am a Rascal, a scurvy railing Knave, a very filthy Rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee; live.

Therf. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but the Devil break thy Neck for frightening me. [*Aside.*]

Troilus returning. What Prisoner have you there?

Hect. A Gleaning of the War, a Rogue he says.

Troil. Dispatch him and away. [*Going to kill him.*]

Therf. Hold, hold; what is't no more but dispatch a Man and away! I am in no such Haste: I will not die for Greece; I hate Greece, and by my good Will wou'd ne'er have been born there; I was mistaken into that Country, and betray'd by my Parents to be born there. And besides, I have a mortal Enemy among the Grecians, one *Diomede*, a damned Villain, and cannot die with a safe Conscience till I have first murther'd him.

Troil. Shew me that *Diomede*, and thou shalt live.

Therf. Come along with me, and I'll conduct thee to *Calchas* his Tent, where I believe he's now making War with the Priest's Daughter.

Hect. Here we must part, our Destinies divide us: Brother and Friend, farewell.

Troil. When shall we meet? [*part.*]

Hect. When the Gods please; if not, we once must Look: on yon Hill their squander'd Troops unite.

Troil. If I mistake not, 'tis their last Reserve: The Storm's blown o'er, and those but After-Drops.

Hect. I wish our Men be not too far engag'd; For few we are and spent, as having born The Burthen of the Day: But, hap what can, They shall be charg'd: *Achilles* must be there; And him I seek, or Death.

Divide

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Divide our Troops, and take the fresher Half.

Troil. O Brother!

Hect. No Dispute of Ceremony:

These are enow for me, in faith enow:

Their Bodies shall not flag while I can lead;

Nor wearied Limbs confess Mortality,

Before those Ants that blacken all yon Hill

Are crept into their Earth. Farewel. [*Exit Hector.*]

Troil. Farewel. Come *Greek.*

Thersf. Now these rival Rogues will clapperclaw one another, and I shall have the Sport on't.

[*Exit Troil. with Thersites.*]

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achil. Which way went *Hector*?

Myrmid. Up yon sandy Hill:

You may discern 'em by their smoaking Track;

A wavering Body working with bent Hams

Against the Rising, spent with painful March,

And by loose Footing cast on Heaps together.

Achil. O thou art gone! thou sweetest, best of Friends,

Why did I let thee tempt the Shock of War,

Ere yet thy tender Nerves had strung thy Limbs,

And knotted into Strength. Yet, though too late,

I will, I will revenge thee, my *Patroclus*!

Nor shall thy Ghost thy Murtherer's long attend,

But thou shalt hear him calling *Charon* back,

Ere thou art wasted to the farther Shore.

Make Haste, my Soldiers; give me this Day's Pains

For my dead Friend: Strike every Hand with mine,

Till *Hector* breathless on the Ground we lay!

Revenge is Honour, the securest Way. [*Ex. with Myrm.*]

Enter Thersites, Troilus, Trojans.

Thersf. That's *Calchas's* Tent.

Troil. Then that one Spot of Earth contains more Fals-
Than all the Sun sees in his Race beside. [*hood,*]

That I shou'd trust the Daughter of a Priest!

Priesthood, that makes a Merchandise of Heav'n!

Priesthood, that sells ev'n to their Pray'rs and Blessings!

And forces us to pay for our own Coz'nage!

Thersf. Nay cheats Heav'n too with Entrails and with
Gives it the Garbage of a Sacrifice, [*Offals:*
And

And keeps the best for private Luxury.

Troil. Thou hast deserv'd thy Life for cursing Priests :
Let me embrace thee ; thou art beautiful :
That Back, that Nose, those Eyes are beautiful :
Live ; thou art honest, for thou hat'st a Priest.

Thers. [*Aside.*] Farewel *Trojan* ; if I 'scape with Life,
as I hope, and thou art knock'd o'th' Head, as I hope
too, I shall be the first that ever 'scap'd the Revenge of a
Priest after cursing him ; and thou wilt not be the last, I
prophecy, that a Priest will bring to Ruin. [*Ex. Ther.*]

Troil. Methinks my Soul is rowz'd with her last Work ;
Has much to do, and little Time to spare.
She starts within me, like a Traveller
Who sluggishly out-slept his Morning Hour,
And mends his Pace to reach his Inn betimes.

Noise within, Follow, follow.

A Noise of Arms ! the Traytor may be there :
Or else, perhaps, that conscious Scene of Love,
The Tent, may hold him ; yet I dare not search,
For oh, I fear to find him in that Place. [*Exit Troilus.*]

Enter Calchas and Cressida.

Cres. Where is he ? I'll be justify'd, or die.

Calc. So quickly vanish'd ! he was here but now :
He must be gone to search for *Diomedes*,
For *Diomedes* told me, here they were to fight.

Cres. Alas !

Calc. You must prevent, and not complain.

Cres. If *Troilus* die, I have no Share in Life.

Calc. If *Diomedes* sink beneath the Sword of *Troilus*,
We lose not only a Protector here,
But are debar'd all future Means of Flight.

Cres. What then remains ?

Calc. To interpose betimes
Betwixt their Swords ; or if that cannot be,
To intercede for him who shall be vanquish'd,
Fate leaves no middle Course.— [*Ex. Calchas.*]

Clashing within.

Cres. Ah me ! I hear 'em :
And fear 'tis past Prevention.

*Enter Diomedes, retiring before Troilus, and
falling as he enters.*

Troil. Now beg thy Life, or die.

Diom.

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Diom. No: use thy Fortune:
I loath the Life, which thou canst give, or take.

Troil. Scorn'st thou my Mercy, Villain! ——— take
thy Wish. ——— [speak.

Cres. Hold, hold your Hand, my Lord, and hear me
[Troilus turns back: in which time Diomede rises:
Trojans and Greeks enter, and rank themselves
on both Sides of their Captains.

Troil. Did I not hear the Voice of perjur'd *Cressida*?
Com'st thou to give the last Stab to my Heart?
As if the Proofs of all thy former Falshood
Were not enough convincing, com'st thou now
To beg my Rival's Life?

Whom, oh, if any Spark of Truth remain'd,
Thou could'st not thus, ev'n to my Face prefer.

Cres. What shall I say! that you suspect me false,
Has struck me dumb! but let him live, my *Troilus*,
By all our Loves, by all our past Endearments,
I do adjure thee spare him.

Troil. Hell and Death!

Cres. If ever I had Power to bend your Mind,
Believe me still your faithful *Cressida*:
And though my Innocence appear like Guilt,
Because I make his forfeit Life my Suit,
'Tis but for this, that my Return to you
Wou'd be cut off for ever by his Death.
My Father, treated like a Slave, and scorn'd,
My self in hated Bonds a Captive held.

Troil. Cou'd I believe thee, cou'd I think thee true,
In Triumph wou'd I bear thee back to *Troy*,
Though *Greece* could rally all her shatter'd Troops,
And stand embattel'd to oppose my Way.
But, oh, thou Syren, I will stop my Ears
To thy enchanting Notes; the Winds shall bear
Upon their Wings, thy Words more light than they.

Cres. Alas! I but disssembled Love to him;
If ever he had any Proof beyond
What Modesty might give. ———

Diom. No! witness this ——— [The Ring shown
There, take her, *Trojan*; thou deserv'st her best;

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You good, kind-natur'd, well-believing Fools,
Are Treasures to a Woman.

I was a jealous, hard, vexatious Lover,
And doubted ev'n this Pledge, 'till full Possession:
But she was honourable to her Word,
And I have no just Reason to complain.

Cress. O, unexampled, frontless Impudence! [*Troilus.*

Troil. Hell show me such another tortur'd Wretch, as

Diom. Nay, grieve not: I resign her freely up;
I'm satisfy'd: and dare engage for *Cressida*,
That if you have a Promise of her Person,
She shall be willing to come out of Debt.

Cress. [*Kneeling.*] My only Lord, by all those holy Vows,
Which, if there be a Power above, are binding,
Or if there be a Hell below, are fearful,
May every Imprecation, which your Rage
Can wish on me, take Place, If I am false.

Diom. Nay, since you're so concern'd to be believ'd,
I'm sorry I have press'd my Charge so far;
Be what you wou'd be thought: I can be grateful.

Troil. Grateful! Oh Torment! now Hell's blewest
Flames

Receive her quick; with all her Crimes upon her.
Let her sink spotted down. Let the dark Host
Make Room; and point: and hiss her as she goes.
Let the most branded Ghosts of all her Sex
Rejoice, and cry, Here comes a blacker Fiend.
Let her ———

Cress. Enough my Lord; you've said enough:
This faithless, perjur'd, hated *Cressida*,
Shall be no more the Subject of your Curses:
Some few Hours hence, and Grief had done your Work:
But then your Eyes had mis'd the Satisfaction
Which thus I give you ——— thus ———

[*She stabs her self, they both run to her.*

Diom. Help; save her, help.

Cress. Stand off; and touch me not, thou Traitor *Diom.*
But you, my only *Troilus*, come near: [*mede.*
Trust me, the Wound which I have giv'n this Breast
Is far less painful than the Wound you gave it.

Oh,

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Oh, can you yet believe that I am true?

Troil. This were too much, ev'n if thou had'st been false!
But, Oh, thou purest, whitest Innocence,
(For such I know thee now) too late I know it!
May all my Curses, and ten thousand more
Heavier than they, fall back upon my Head,
Pelion and *Ossa* from the Giants Graves,
Be torn by some avenging Deity,
And hurl'd at me, a bolder Wretch than they,
Who durst invade the Skies!

Cress. Hear him not Heavens!
But hear me bless him with my latest Breath:
And since I question not your hard Decree,
That doom'd my Days unfortunate, and few,
Add all to him, you take away from me;
And I die happy, that he thinks me true. [Dies.]

Troil. She's gone for ever, and she blest me dying!
Cou'd she have curs'd me worse! she dy'd for me;
And, like a Woman, I lament for her:
Distraction pulls me several Ways at once,
Here Pity calls me to weep out my Eyes,
Despair then turns me back upon my self,
And bids me seek no more, but finish here:

[Sword to his Breast.]
Ha, smil'st thou Traytor, thou instruct'st me best,
And turn'st my just Revenge to punish thee.

Diom. Thy worst, for mine has been beforehand with
thee,

I triumph in thy vain Credulity,
Which levels thy despairing State to mine:
But yet thy Folly, to believe a Foe
Makes thine the sharper, and more shameful Loss.

Troil. By my few Moments of remaining Life,
I did not hope for any future Joy;
But thou hast given me Pleasure ere I die,
To punish such a Villain. — Fight apart;

[To his Soldiers.]
For Heaven and Hell have mark'd him out for me,
And I shou'd grudge ev'n his least Drop of Blood
To any other Hand. —

[Troilus]

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[Troilus and Diomedes fight, and both Parties engage at the same time: the Trojans make the Greeks retire, and Troilus makes Diomedes give Ground, and hurts him. Trumpets sound. Achilles Enters with his Myrmidons, on the Backs of the Trojans, who fight in a Ring encompass'd round: Troilus singling Diomedes, gets him down, and kills him: and Achilles kills Troilus upon him. All the Trojans die upon the Place, Troilus last.

Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, Ajax, and Attendants.

Achil. Our Toils are done, and those aspiring Walls,
(The Work of Gods, and almost mating Heaven,)
Must crumble into Rubbish on the Plain.

Agam. When mighty Hector fell beneath thy Sword,
Their old Foundations shook, their nodding Towers
Threatned from high th'amaz'd Inhabitants:
And Guardian-Gods, for Fear, forsook their Fanes.

Achil. Patroclus, now be quiet: Hector's dead:
And as a second Offering to thy Ghost,
Lies Troilus high upon a Heap of Slain:
And noble Diomedes beneath; whose Death
This Hand of mine reveng'd.

Ajax. Reveng'd it basely.
For Troilus fell by Multitudes oppress'd;
And so fell Hector, but 'tis vain to talk.

Ulys. Hail Agamemnon! truly Victor now!
While secret Envy, and while open Pride,
Among thy factious Nobles Discord threw;
While publick Good was urg'd for private Ends,
And those thought Patriots, who disturb'd it most;
Then, like the head-strong Horses of the Sun,
That Light which shou'd have cheer'd the World, consum'd it;

Now peaceful Order has resum'd the Reins,
Old Time looks young, and Nature seems renew'd:
Then since from home-bred Factions Ruin springs,
Let Subjects learn Obedience to their Kings.

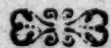
[Exeunt Omnes.
EPI-



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *THERSITES*.

THESE Cruel Criticks put me into Passion;
For, in their lowring Looks I read Damnation;
I expect a Satyr, and I seldom fail;
When I'm first beaten, 'tis my Part to rail.
You British Fools, of the Old Trojan Stock,
That stand so thick, one cannot miss the Flock,
Poets have cause to dread a keeping Pit,
When Women's Cullies come to judge of Wit.
As we strew Rats-bane when we Vermin fear,
'Twere worth our Cost to scatter Fool-bane here.
And after all our judging Fops were serv'd,
Dull Poets too shou'd have a Dose reserv'd;
Such Reprobates, as past all Sense of shaming,
Write on, and ne'er are satisfy'd with damning;
Next, those, to whom the Stage does not belong,
Such whose Vocation only is to Song;
At most to Prologue, whom, for Want of time,
Poets take in for Journey-work in Rhime.
But I want Curses for those mighty Shoals
Of scribbling Chloris's, and Phyllis' Fools,
Those Oapbs shou'd be restrain'd, during their Lives
From Pen and Ink, as Madmen are from Knives.
I cou'd rail on, but 'twere a Task as vain,
As preaching Truth at Rome, or Wit in Spain:
Yet to buff out our Play was worth my trying;
John Lilburn scap'd his Judges by defying:
If guilty, yet I'm sure o'th' Church's Blessing,
By suffering for the Plot, without confessing.





E.

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